

14. W. L.

THE  
ECLECTIC REVIEW.

MDCCCXXXIII.

JANUARY—JUNE.

57

THIRD SERIES.

VOL. IX.

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Φιλοσοφίαν δὲ οὐ τὴν Στωικὴν λέγω, οὐδὲ τὴν Πλατωνικὴν, ἢ τὴν Ἑσπευρίδι τι καὶ Ἀριστοτελικήν· ἀλλ' ὅσα ἔχεται παρ' ἑκάστη τῶν αἰρέσεων τούτων καλῶς, δικαιοσύνην μετὰ εὐσεβοῦς ἰσιστήμης ἐκδιδάσκοντα, τοῦτο σύμπαν τὸ ἙΚΑΕ'ΚΤΙΚΟΝ φιλοσοφίαν φῆμι.

CLEM. ALEX. Strom. L. 1.

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LONDON:  
JACKSON AND WALFORD,  
16, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1833.

THE  
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COLLECTIO REVIEW.

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G. WOODFALL, ANGEL COURT, SKINNER STREET, LONDON.



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# THE ECLECTIC REVIEW,

FOR JANUARY, 1833.

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Art. I. 1. *Harmonia Evangelica, sive Quatuor Evangelia Græce pro Temporis et Rerum Serie in Partes Quinque Distributa.* Edidit Edvardus Greswell, A.M. Coll. C. C. Apud Oxon. Socius. 8vo. pp. 418. Oxon. 1830.

2. *Dissertations upon the Principles and Arrangement of a Harmony of the Gospels.* By the Rev. Edward Greswell, M.A., Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. In three Volumes. pp. xxx., 598; x. 574; vi. 354. Oxford, 1830.

WE are not entirely responsible for the delay in noticing this erudite and valuable performance, which, though it has for so long a time passed the press, will probably be new to the greater part of our readers. The volumes issue from the University press; much to the honour of the learned Delegates, to whose readiness in undertaking the publication the Author acknowledges his obligations. But, notwithstanding the high auspices under which they appear, we cannot learn that they have hitherto obtained the share of attention from the public, to which they are intrinsically entitled; owing, perhaps, to their not having been made known by the usual expedients adopted by London publishers.

The "*Harmonia Evangelica*" and the three volumes of Preliminary Dissertations, compose one connected work. In the former, the evangelical history is distributed into five parts, comprising as many chronological divisions: these are subdivided into sections, the text of the Evangelists being arranged in two or more parallel columns. The Dissertations are fifty in number, to which are added some supplementary disquisitions and notes, in eight appendices. Of the object and purpose of these dissertations, which form a connected series, we shall first give an account, taken from the Author's own synopsis.

The first volume comprises thirteen principal Dissertations.



The first three are intended to expound and establish the fundamental principle of the Harmony, which the Author rests upon the truth of the following propositions: 1. That the last three Gospels are regular compositions; 2. That St. Matthew's Gospel is partly regular and partly irregular; 3. That each Gospel was written in the order in which it stands; and 4. That each of the later three was immediately supplementary to the prior one. It is the object of the first Dissertation, to confirm these propositions by a mode of reasoning which assumes nothing but the existence of the Gospels themselves: it is entitled, 'On the regularity of the Gospels, and on their supplemental relations to each other.' The Second Dissertation is an historical investigation of the times and the order of the first three Gospels; and the Third treats of the Irregularities of St. Matthew's Gospel, comparing its details with the accounts given in the three others. The Fourth Dissertation is devoted to ascertaining the true date of the Passover mentioned John ii. 13, 'the most cardinal date in the whole of the Gospel history', by ascertaining the sense of John ii. 20. The verification of this date gives occasion for three distinct supplementary dissertations, which are styled Appendices: No. I. is intended to ascertain the rule by which Josephus invariably computes the reign of Herod; No. II., to confirm the statement which respects the length of the Maccabean dynasty; and No. III., to shew, that neither the evidence of the coin of Herod Antipas, nor the supposed time of the eclipse before the death of Herod, is inconsistent with the true date of that death as established in No. I. This is followed by a Computation and Table of Jewish Passovers and other feasts, in Diss. V. Diss. VI. and VII. have for their object, respectively, to reconcile the testimony of St. Luke, as regards the fifteenth year of Tiberius Cæsar, and the beginning of the government of Pontius Pilate, with the cardinal date established in Diss. IV. The next 'determines the interval between the beginning of the ministry of John the Baptist and the close of the ministry of Jesus Christ; or the whole length of time embraced by them in conjunction, and the duration assignable to each.' (A dissertation supplemental to this, proves that the time of the Baptist's imprisonment is not at variance with the history of the marriage of Herod and Herodias. The Ninth Dissertation proposes to determine the true age of Our Lord at his baptism, by ascertaining the exact import of Luke iii. 23; and the following one is intended to establish the high probability that the day of the Nativity was the tenth of the Hebrew month Nisan, corresponding to the fifth of the Julian April, B.C. 4. An Appendix to this Dissertation has for its object to prove, that the institution of the Passover took place B.C. 1560, when, in like manner, the 10th of Nisan and the 5th of April coincided both with

each other, and with the vernal equinox. In the Eleventh Dissertation, the opinions of the earliest Christian writers upon the preceding topics are examined. Dissert. XII. examines the true sense of Luke ii. 2, in reference to the census of Cyrenius. The last dissertation in the first volume treats of the Prophecy of the Seventy Weeks, and the first part of the chronology of the Acts of the Apostles; having for its object, to complete the argument in Diss. VIII. This subject is pursued in Diss. I. of the second volume, which is occupied with an examination of the chronology of the Acts from the xiiith chapter forwards, and belongs to the first Series.

The second volume contains twenty-two principal Dissertations. The subject of the first has been mentioned: those of the five following may be briefly stated. II. On the Two Genealogies. III. Upon the Question, Who are intended by the Ἀδελφοὶ of Christ. IV. On the date of the Visit of the Magi. V. True Nature and Design of the Ministry of the Baptist. VI. On the Order of the Temptations. The Seventh is entitled: 'On the *hiatus* in the first three Gospels, between the time of the Baptism of Our Saviour and the commencement of his ministry in Galilee, and on its supplement by the Gospel of St. John.' The object of this disquisition is to shew, that, beginning his narrative precisely where the other evangelists had left off, St. John conducts it regularly down to the point of time where St. Luke had begun again. To this is subjoined an appendix, involving the question of the Computation of Sabbatic Years, one of which is shewn to have actually coincided with the first year of Our Saviour's Ministry. The Eighth Dissertation, which is divided into four parts, is designed to give a general preliminary view of Our Lord's ministry down to the middle of the third year. The next six Dissertations (IX.—XIV.) are devoted to the discussion of particular questions relating to supposed *trajectories* or *anticipations* in the several narratives. The next two, in continuation of the subject of Diss. VIII., illustrate the supplementary relation of John vii.—xi. 54., to the first three Gospels; and of Luke ix. 51.—xviii. 14, to those of Matthew and Mark. The subjects of the remaining Dissertations in this volume are: XVII. On the village of Martha and Mary. XVIII. On the two Dispossessions recorded, Matt. xii. and Luke xi. XIX. On the notices of time supplied in Luke xii. XX. On the occurrence relating to the Galileans, Luke xiii. 1—9. XXI. On the question concerning Divorce, Matt. xix. 3—12; Mark x. 2—12. XXII. On the Miracles performed at Jericho.

The object of the six consecutive Dissertations contained in the third volume, is, to harmonize the several accounts in the four Gospels, from the time of Our Lord's arrival at Bethany before the last Passover, to the day of the Ascension. The re-



mainder of the volume is occupied with appendices, comprising additional illustrations of various points discussed in several of the Dissertations. These, in the event of a new edition, should either be incorporated with the dissertations to which they relate, or be introduced in immediate sequence. Other improvements in the distribution of the materials, might be suggested. The three volumes are of very unequal size, the first containing much the largest number of pages; and if we add the 100 pages occupied by the first dissertation of the second volume, and Appendices I. to V., which also belong to the first series of Dissertations, we shall have 828 pages, or nearly half the three volumes, the remainder of the matter occupying 744. It so happens that the work naturally divides itself into two parts at this place. The first Part comprises an exposition of the Author's hypothesis with respect to the composition of the Gospels, and a series of dissertations upon the chronology of the New Testament. The second Part consists of preliminary disquisitions upon the subject-matter of the inspired record, and of an application of the Author's hypothesis, or of the principles upon which it is built, to the facts recorded by the Evangelists. Had Mr. Greswell adopted this twofold division of his work, assigning to each Part one large or two smaller volumes, and subdividing the longer Dissertations into chapters, instead of adding a series of appendices,—it would greatly have improved both the appearance and the arrangement of the work.

To the Biblical student, the above synopsis of the Contents will not fail to convey a general idea of the extremely interesting and important nature of the Author's labours; characterized by a range of erudition, a patience of investigation, and a degree of critical ability, that entitle him to take his rank with Lardner, Griesbach, and Michaëlis, in the first class of those who have zealously consecrated profound scholarship to the illustration of the Christian Scriptures. Such a work must go some way towards vindicating the literature of the day from the charge of universal frivolity or superficialness; and it is with peculiar satisfaction that we find Oxford beginning to cultivate a species of learning which has of late been almost monopolized by the German critics. Among the curious and recondite questions discussed in the first volume, and which are but remotely connected with the Harmony itself, there are some, the Author remarks, which have exercised the ingenuity of learned men, without their arriving at any satisfactory conclusions, ever since the revival of letters.

‘Nor am I,’ he adds, ‘vain enough to suppose that they have been settled by my own individual attempts. It will not be laid to my charge, however, that what could reasonably be expected from the exertions of one person, has not been performed to the utmost; that I have not endeavoured to sift every question to the bottom; that the

pains and labour of the investigation have not been commensurate to the difficulty or importance of the end proposed. If I have erred, it has been on the score of an over-anxious diligence to render my Dissertations even tediously scrupulous and elaborately minute, rather than leave them perfunctory or superficial. Perhaps, too, there are some of these controverted instances, in which I may be considered to have approximated to the truth as nearly as, under the circumstances of the case, was practicable; for, if the results of the speculations of learned men upon such questions are not every where final and decisive, the cause must be ascribed to a defect for which no ingenuity nor industry can compensate, the defect of data. In the course of my researches, it has more than once fallen to my lot to observe that very great names, in every department of sacred literature, have lapsed into mistakes, and mistakes which frequently might have been avoided. Nor do I mention this as if to claim any merit to myself for discovering errors into which they had fallen, much less to put myself on a footing of equality with them, but that I may plead the failures of more competent and more learned persons in extenuation of my own.

*Pref.* pp. xi, xii.

The present work first suggested itself to the Author, in the course of an examination of the most popular Harmonies, which he was led to consult, in preparing an exposition of the Gospel Parables. The striking inconsistencies which he observed in the several Harmonies he examined, convinced him that the principles upon which they rested, could not be correct; and the dissatisfaction produced by this discovery, induced him to lay them all aside, and to take the four original narratives into his hands, with a view to frame for himself a system that should at least avoid the difficulties that appeared so glaring and palpable in the works referred to. The result of this endeavour, is the Harmony before us, which has assumed a shape very different from the idea of it which its Author had originally conceived. Had he fully comprehended the extent of his undertaking, and into how wide a field of research and disquisition it would lead, he must have shrunk back, he says, from the arduous attempt; and he considers it as a fortunate circumstance, that he was too inextricably involved in the task, and too deeply interested in its completion, to be able or disposed to recede from its prosecution, when experience had convinced him of its magnitude and difficulty. The rule which he determined to adopt, was, to trust as much as possible to his own researches, so that the work, though of course containing much that is in accordance with the opinions and conclusions of preceding writers, is strictly original, being the result of an independent inquiry. While prepared to find that he has been anticipated in many things, Mr. Greswell states, that he has abstained from introducing any borrowed matter; and regarded as a whole, the Harmony which he offers to the public, may still be considered as unlike any other. He disclaims all affectation of novelty or the

wish to deviate without reason from the opinions of his predecessors. 'Could I,' he says, 'have met with any Harmony which 'was not apparently fraught with more difficulties than it was intended to remove, most gladly would I have acquiesced in its 'use.' The number and diversity of the Harmonies in circulation, afford a presumption that the true principle remains to be ascertained, upon which a perfect Harmony is to be constructed, or such a one as should unite the suffrages of the learned in favour of its satisfactory character.

'If it is not in the nature of things impossible for the four Gospel narratives to be satisfactorily reduced to one, it is not in the nature of things impossible for a perfect Harmony to be composed: but, as only one method of reconciling these accounts can be absolutely just and true, so only one Harmony, such as should be founded altogether on the principle of that method, would be absolutely just and perfect.'

*Pref.* p. iii.

What is not, in the nature of things, impossible, is sometimes, however, from circumstances, impracticable; and how desirable soever it may be to harmonize the order and succession of events in the several Gospels, we cannot for a moment admit the necessity of ascertaining the true method of reconciling apparent discrepancies, in order to vindicate the credibility and consistency of the narratives. This would be a gratuitous concession to the sceptic, which the nature of the case does not warrant. Mr. Gresswell remarks, that, 'with some minds, the difference of 'opinion which prevails among commentators upon Scripture, 'the great variety and incompatibility between their several 'modes of reconciling the same accounts, would be calculated to 'operate *reflexively* against the belief of the truth, or the consistency of the accounts themselves.' But would this be a rational inference? If there are various modes of reconciling independent accounts of the same transactions that appear to differ, although but one mode can be the true one, yet, the possibility of reconciling them is established by the diverse hypotheses; and the objection founded upon their alleged incompatibility falls to the ground. That objection originates in our imperfect knowledge of *all* the circumstances, and of all the relations of time and place affecting the order and succession of the events recorded. Such perfect knowledge of the circumstances as would enable us to adjust their precise order with certainty, is unattainable; but if we can hypothetically harmonize them, although the hypothesis be but an approximation to the fact, it will suffice to shew that no necessary incompatibility exists. If the theory employed is fraught with more difficulties than it is intended to remove, this is a good reason for distrusting its correctness; but it may still be of use as shewing that these difficulties are capable of solu-



tion;—if by the false hypothesis, still more by the true one. All that is requisite is, that we prove there is no essential disagreement between the separate accounts: the rest is matter of curiosity, or, at least, of subordinate importance.

Even although the present Writer should be thought to have failed to detect the true method, or to construct a perfect Harmony, the value of his labours will suffer little depreciation on that account. The satisfactory determination of the various questions that present themselves in the course of the attempt to reconcile and arrange the details of the four Gospels, is far more important than the object proposed as the ultimate result. The greater part of these Dissertations have for their immediate design, to clear up points affecting not so much the harmony of the various accounts, as the credibility or accuracy of each particular narrative. We do not mean to deny the utility of Harmonies; but we are inclined to consider their indirect utility as greater than their direct benefit. It is often by an assumed hypothesis that the philosopher is conducted to the discovery of recondite facts,—facts not merely more certain, but more important than the principle it was sought to establish. The construction of a *diatessaron* is the purpose to which the scheme of the Harmonist is intended to be subservient; but no *diatessaron* can possess the authority, the internal evidence, and the effectiveness of the separate documents. The stamp of genuineness, the seal of Inspiration are wanting. Digests or summaries of the evangelical history, whether in the words of the Evangelists or not, are legitimate vehicles of religious instruction; but they must never be substituted for the four Gospels. That would be, to shape by the wisdom of man the wisdom of God,—to bend the rule of faith to our own notions of harmony and fitness,—and, by obscuring the genuineness, to weaken to a great degree the authority of Scripture. Harmonies are for the learned, not for the unlearned: they are of more service in silencing the cavils of the sceptic, than in edifying the plain and ingenuous believer. They form a valuable part of the expository apparatus for illustrating the sacred text, as they enable the commentator or teacher to throw, as it were, upon each Gospel, the concentrated light of all. They afford a tabular view of the substantial accordance, the characteristic difference, and the separate value of the four documents respectively, and serve as an illustrative index to their contents. But here, we think, their legitimate purpose terminates.

‘No one,’ Mr. Greswell remarks, ‘can study the Gospels with that attention which they deserve, or with that sense of personal interest in them which they are calculated to excite, without endeavouring to harmonize them, in some manner or other, for himself.’ This is true. But there is a great difference be-

tween harmonizing the statements of the four witnesses, and harmonizing the order in which they severally narrate particular circumstances and sayings, by reducing them to one chronological arrangement. If their statements could not be reconciled, it would affect the credibility of at least one of the witnesses; but that they should observe a different order, forms no objection, unless they each professed to adhere to a strict chronological arrangement. This is not the case; and the hypothesis, that the Four Evangelists constantly observed such an order, is not merely encumbered with insuperable difficulties, but is utterly deficient in probability. Many reasons might be given for their observing a different order. A work may be a regular composition, without being a regular history. The plan and design of the writer may require that he should bring together facts or discourses of a certain *class*, without reference to the topographical scene of the one, or the immediate occasion of the other; in order to present the evidence they furnish in a cumulative shape, or as specimens of what took place at many times and in many places. The connexion will not, in such a case, be less real or natural, because it is the connexion of subject, not that of chronology. We admit that a transposition in the order of leading events, would, if unexplained, affect not merely the regularity, but the accuracy, if not the absolute truth of the history; whereas transpositions of illustrative incidents and topics are allowable even to an historian, and still more natural in a composition which is not simply or strictly historical.

Most Harmonists have set out with the assumption, which we cannot but regard as altogether erroneous, that the four Gospels are alike regular and independent histories; or that, at least, the first three are Gospels *communis generis*, and must be classed together. Mr. Greswell in some degree sanctions the latter opinion, with this modification; that, though each is a history of the rise and progress of the Evangelical dispensation, no one of them is a separate and independent account. 'Like the subject to which they all relate, they are so connected together, that the one entire history of this one entire scheme, is that which is made up of them all.' Our Author's hypothesis with regard to the supplemental character of the last three, we shall examine presently; but it appears to us, that the first Gospel, that of Matthew, is a composition very different in its structure from those of Mark and Luke. Mr. Greswell affirms, indeed, that the Gospel of St. Matthew 'is regular in part, and irregular in part; while the Gospels of St. Mark, St. Luke, and St. John are regular throughout.' In our judgement, that of St. Matthew is not a less regular composition than the others; although it is not, and does not profess to be, a regular history. It is, as we have



elsewhere endeavoured to shew \*, an account of the ministry of Our Lord, with copious specimens of his discourses, having for its specific object, to establish his Messiahship, and to combat the objections of the Jews. The historical notices are brief and, as it were, incidental and subsidiary to the main purpose. St. Matthew wrote his Gospel for the use, primarily, of the Christians of Palestine; at a period, probably, when all the historical facts were fresh and notorious. Hence, he is much more concise than any of the Evangelists in narrating occurrences, except when referring to such as were called in question by the Jews. In narrating, for instance, the story invented by the chief priests to account for the disappearance of Our Lord's body from the sepulchre, he is remarkably particular and minute; and yet, he does not mention the Ascension. There are other peculiarities in this Gospel, which, together with the supposed irregularities, seem to us to admit of easy and natural explanation according to the view we have taken of it, but which ill agree with the character of regular history. Upon this ground, and not because we deem the irregularities of St. Matthew's Gospel greater than those of the other Evangelists, we think with Mr. Greswell, that it cannot be safely made, throughout, the basis of a Harmony for the rest. In the following remarks, some of the points of characteristic difference between the several Evangelists, are ably discriminated.

‘The argument of those learned men who contend that, because St. Matthew would write as an eye-witness, he would write the most regularly of all, however plausible in theory, is completely false in fact. Nor, indeed, is it difficult to retort the argument; for one, like St. Luke, or St. Mark, who, though not an eye-witness, yet proposed to write an account of the same things, it might naturally be supposed, even humanly speaking, would take so much the greater pains to remedy this very defect; both to acquire a perfect knowledge of his subject, and to verify, in every instance, the order of his facts. Meanwhile, if St. Matthew in particular, though he must have written as an eye-witness, has yet written at all irregularly, this may be a good presumptive evidence that he must have written early,—while the recollection of the facts was still unimpaired,—and among, and for, eye-witnesses as well as himself, whose own knowledge, or possibilities of knowledge, would supply omissions or rectify transpositions for themselves.

‘Those also who contend that the principle of classification is the characteristic principle of St. Luke's Gospel, are not less mistaken: for, while St. Luke is uniformly attentive to historical precision, this constructive tendency, by which facts really distinct in the order of time, are brought together out of deference to certain principles of association, and related consecutively, is rather the predominant characteristic of St. Matthew. The structure of all the Gospels, indeed,

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\* *Eccl. Rev. Third Series*, Vol. V. p. 379.

as far as they enter into detail, is *anecdotal*,—or a selection of particular passages out of a much larger and a more continuous narrative; the effect of which structure is, necessarily, that each particular stands in a great measure by itself, and has little or no connection with either what precedes or what follows it . . . . This anecdotal arrangement is a different thing from the principle of classification. And even this is only so far peculiar to St. Luke, compared with St. Matthew or with St. Mark, that, without altering or disturbing the order of succession, he has communicated to the particulars of his Gospel, in many instances, the most integral and independent shape, the most separate and detached position of any.

‘ St. John’s Gospel, from its peculiar relation to the rest, could not be otherwise than a digest of remarkable passages, following at great intervals of time, and almost entirely independent of each other. And the great vivacity, minuteness, and circumstantiality of detail with which he has invested all these accounts, are truly wonderful, and among the strongest internal evidences of the inspiration and truth of a Gospel written so long after the events which it records, and so late in the life-time of its Author. Yet, St. Matthew, notwithstanding his characteristic differences in other respects, has defined with more precision than any of the rest, the eras of certain memorable events; as, when Jesus began to preach publicly,—when to teach in parables,—when to predict his sufferings and death without disguise,—when the Apostles began to dispute about precedence,—and when Judas conceived the design of betraying his master. And this also may be another proof that he wrote early, and as an eye-witness of what he relates; and not late, nor as one who had obtained his information from others.’ Vol. I. pp. 185—7.

In the process of constructing a Harmony, these characteristic differences naturally force themselves upon the attention of a competent critic; but, in the Harmony or Diatessaron itself, they become obscured or lost. The variations and apparent discrepancies in the several narrations, are there exhibited in a naked and palpable form, while the reason of them is not seen; and the proprieties of the composition are nearly as much violated by the perpetual interpolation of passages from the several Evangelists, as they would be in a work composed of consecutive extracts from three or four authors of different countries. Some further points of difference are adverted to in the following paragraphs.

‘ It will scarcely, perhaps, be disputed, that St. Mark was a Jew, and that St. Luke was not. . . . The internal evidence of the Gospel of St. Mark is altogether in favour of the presumption, that the Writer of this Gospel in particular must have been a Jew; and, whether a Jew of Palestine or not, yet intimately connected with the language, the topography, the idioms of Palestine, and familiar even with the habits and associations of a native Jew. And the argument from this evidence is rendered so much the stronger, because, in all or most of those respects which characterize a native Jew, St. Mark agrees with

St. Matthew and St. John, who were unquestionably native Jews, and differs from St. Luke, who was unquestionably not a native Jew. . . . That St. Mark did not write for Jews, nor for persons previously acquainted with Judea, is not less apparent from the character of his Gospel, compared with St. Matthew's; but that he himself was a Jew, or intimately familiar with Judea, does not admit of a question. . . . Not to specify such remarkable passages in this Gospel, as, contrasted with similar passages in St. Matthew's, would prove this to have been expressly written for Gentile believers as such; the frequency of Latin terms or phrases clothed in Greek, (scarcely any of which occur in the Gospel of St. Luke, and not so many in the Gospel of St. Matthew, and still fewer in the Gospel of St. John,) would prove it to have been designed for Roman converts in particular\*. . . . It is no objection that a Gospel, though written at Rome, should still have been written in Greek; or, in other words, the hypothesis which supposes St. Mark's Gospel to have been originally published in Latin, is unnecessary as well as untenable. The Epistle to the Romans is a case in point; and yet that was written in Greek; and such was the prevalence of this language almost every where, that even in Gaul, the law proceedings were carried on in Greek; bargains of every kind were indited in Greek; and the Roman Satirist could say,

“ Nunc totus Graias nostrasque habet orbis Athenas,  
Gallia causidicos docuit facunda Britannos,  
De conducendo loquitur jam rhetore Thule.”

‘ It is much to be doubted, whether the Latin language, even in the Roman dominions, was ever so generally in use; in which case, both the perpetuity and the utility of a Gospel, though composed at Rome, were best consulted by composing it, not in Latin, but in Greek.’ Vol. I. pp. 79; 80, 1; 98, 9.

Mr. Greswell, by a series of ingenious deductions, endeavours to establish the strong probability, that St. Mark's Gospel was composed or published at Rome about A.D. 54. To St. Matthew's, he is disposed to assign a date about twelve years earlier. The reasons given for this conjecture are not very satisfactory, although the opinion is sanctioned by ancient authorities, and is in accordance with probability. By the eleventh or twelfth of Nero, at all events, ‘ there was no Apostle left in Judea, by whom a ‘ Hebrew Gospel might have been written: the Hebrew Church ‘ itself had been, for a time, dispersed; for the Jewish war was ‘ begun.’ Our Author adopts and vindicates the tradition, that St. Matthew's Gospel was written originally in the vernacular language of Palestine, improperly called Hebrew. The disappearance of the genuine Hebrew Gospel is accounted for on the

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\* Several instances of this kind are given. The most decisive, the Author thinks, are the two explanations—*λεπτά δύο ὃ ἔστι κοδεάντης*—and, *αὐλῆς ὃ ἔστι πραιτώριον*: which are ‘ manifestly intended to render something intelligible, as it would seem, to the ideas of Romans; nor does any thing like them occur in the other Gospels.’



supposition, that the authority of the translation was known and acknowledged from the first, as equal to that of the original; which it would be, if rendered into Greek by one of the Apostles. According to Athanasius, it was translated by 'James the Lord's Brother,' while another less credible tradition assigns it to St. John. Mr. Greswell ventures the novel conjecture, that St. Mark translated the Hebrew Gospel of St. Matthew, and wrote his own supplementary to it. The ingenious reasoning by which this supposition is supported, we shall transcribe.

'No supposition is better calculated to explain whatever there is in St. Mark's Gospel peculiar to that, as compared with St. Matthew's, and yet, what there is in common in both; what it agrees in with his, and what it differs in from his; their verbal coincidences, both in the historical and in the discursive parts, throughout;—the deviation from St. Matthew in the arrangement of some detached facts, with an absolute coincidence in the general outline of the whole;—the circumstantiality of detail in the history of miracles, and the conciseness in the report of discourses, which are the reverse of each other in each;—the omission of nothing by St. Mark, recorded by St. Luke, which is not also omitted by St. Matthew;—the very supplementary relation of St. Mark's Gospel to St. Matthew's:—all which things are critically characteristic of one Gospel adapted to another,—of St. Mark's Greek adapted to St. Matthew's by a common hand, as the author of the one, and the translator of the other; and forming both together, and always designed to form, neither more nor less than one work. If there is any difference between them in certain proprieties of idiom, confined to either respectively, this may be explained on the principle that, in his own Gospel, St. Mark would write in his natural character; in translating St. Matthew, he would be restricted to that of his original. The same conjecture solves the problem concerning the origin of the Greek Gospel of St. Matthew more satisfactorily than any which has yet been advanced, and brings Irenæus's testimony (respecting its date) as near as possible to the truth. . . . The Translator must have been some one of equal authority with St. Matthew himself: otherwise his translation could never have superseded the original. The translator of St. Matthew's Gospel, too, not merely from the great variety of Hebrew words and phrases simply clothed in Greek, which the translation exhibits, but from certain isolated expressions more remarkable than others, which may be cited from it, shews plainly that, in translating from Hebrew into Greek, he was translating from a language which was his own, into a language which was not. Thus Matt. v. 22. *Ῥακά—Μωρέ*—both Hebrew words, would not have been suffered to remain in their original form by any but a native Jew, or one fully acquainted with the native language; nor, Matt. xxiii. 15. *τὴν ξηρὰν* have been opposed, by way of discrimination, to *τὴν θάλασσαν*, except under the same circumstances. No Greek, translating Hebrew, would have transferred this idiom into his own language, when he might so easily have written *τὴν γῆν*. The Latin terms, which occur in this Gospel, (as *κοδράντης, μίλιον, κῆισος, κουστῳδία, πραιτώριον, λεγιών, μόδιος, δηνάριον, ἀσσάριον*,) though they are not all peculiar to it, and might have become current where-

ever the Roman empire had been established, may yet be some presumptive argument that this was translated, as St. Mark's was composed, at Rome. And the coincidence between them in the use of such remarkable words as ἀγγαρεύσαι, φεραγελλῶσαι, κολοβῶσαι, and the like, serves equally to render it probable that the translator of the one and the author of the other were the same. Nor is it an improbable conjecture, that this same person, besides being a Jew, and intimately familiar with Judea, might yet be a Roman citizen, or one of the order of Libertini, numbers of whom were resident at Rome. This supposition is in unison with the name of St. Mark, which at least is Roman, and not Jewish.' Vol. I. pp. 122—124.

That Mark, 'the reputed convert of St. Peter,' and the author of the Gospel, was not the same person as John Mark, the nephew of Barnabas, Mr. Greswell regards as decisively certain; in which opinion he differs from Jer. Jones, Lightfoot, Wetstein, and Lardner. Cave, Grotius, Du Pin, and Tillemont are on his side.

Whoever St. Mark was, and whoever was the translator of St. Matthew's Gospel, the verbal agreement between the translated Gospel of St. Matthew and the original composition of St. Mark, can be accounted for only on one of two suppositions; either that St. Mark had seen, and designedly accommodated his own Gospel to that of the former Evangelist, or that both derived their materials in common from some primary document. The latter is the hypothesis embraced by Michaelis and some of the most eminent German critics; and on a former occasion\*, an opinion was expressed in this Journal, favourable to the general theory. Mr. Greswell maintains, however, that although the verbal coincidences may be accounted for on this hypothesis, it does not account for '*the supplemental arrangement of facts.*' St. Matthew's Gospel being taken in conjunction with St. Mark's, there are clearly omissions in the former, which are, he contends, as plainly supplied by the latter. Of this description, he enumerates the following, which our readers will be able to verify and estimate by an examination of the passages referred to.

'I. Omissions which concern integral facts: e. g. the first instance of our Saviour's teaching after the commencement of his ministry in Galilee, followed by the miracle on the demoniac in the synagogue at Capernaum; the account of a circuit in the neighbourhood of the lake of Galilee; that most important event, the ordination of the twelve apostles†; one additional parable among those which were first de-

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\* Ecl. Rev. Vol. I. Third Series. p. 417. Art. Schleimacher on the Gospel of Luke.

† This is not omitted by St. Matthew, (See ch. x. 1.) although St. Mark may be thought to be more specific in his account. Mr. Greswell, however, detaches Matt. x. 1. from its connexion, and transposes it as parallel to Mark vi. 7.



livered; two miracles performed at Bethsaida in Decapolis; and three personal manifestations of Our Lord after his resurrection: all which things the Harmony will exhibit in their proper places.

‘II. Besides those instances, where a concise account of St. Matthew’s is expanded into a circumstantial detail by St. Mark, the latter is frequently so accommodated to the other, as to end where he begins, or, *vice versa*, to begin where he ends. Mark ix. 33—50. concludes where Matt. xviii. 1—35. begins.—Mark vii. 25. takes up Matt. xv. 24.—Mark vii. 32—37. comes in exactly between Matt. xv. 29. and xv. 30.—Mark viii. 12. concludes Matt. xvi. 1—4.—Mark viii. 19, 20. follows on Matt. xvi. 10.—And, what is among the most striking instances of all, Mark, xvi. 5—8., in his account of that event, begins precisely where Matthew, xxviii. 6. in his account just before had made an end.

‘III. In such cases, and especially where the one narrative continues or is continued by the other, St. Mark, it is manifest, presupposes St. Matthew, and without that supposition would scarcely be intelligible: of which Mark viii. 12. is a remarkable instance; for it passed altogether in private, after the answer to the demand, as recorded by St. Matthew, xvi. 1—4., had been returned in public. It is clear that the exordium of the narrative at Mark iii. 22. presupposes the fact of a recent dispossession, and, without that, would be utterly inconceivable; yet, this dispossession is related by St. Matthew only, xii. 22.

‘IV. Even in their common accounts, something is often supplied by St. Mark, critically explanatory of something in St. Matthew. Mark iii. 21. serves this purpose for Matt. xii. 46.—Mark iii. 22. and iii. 30, ascertaining the fact of a double blasphemy, one against the Spirit, and one against the Saviour, serve it still more so for Matt. xii. 24. and xii. 31—37., which is directly founded on that distinction.—Mark iv. 10. explains the circumstances under which Matt. xiii. 18—23. was delivered. Mark x. 35. compared with Matt. xx. 20., explains Matt. xx. 24., which, without that, would not be so apparent. The same observation would hold good of numerous passages besides, if my limits would permit me now to cite them.

‘V. Closely as St. Mark adheres to St. Matthew, one object is still kept in view by him throughout; to rectify his transpositions, to ascertain what he had left indefinite, and to fill up his numerous circumstantial omissions. No two Gospels, in all these respects, could be more the ἀντίστοιχα of each other; while, in the general outline, they are absolutely ἀντίστροφά.

“——Hac in re scilicet una

Multum dissimiles, at cætera pæne gemelli.”

‘VI. The very deficiencies in St. Mark, or the consideration of what St. Matthew possesses, which is not to be found in St. Mark, by implying a tacit reference to the Gospel of St. Matthew, confirm, rather than invalidate the same conclusion. There is one such omission relating to their common accounts of the resurrection and of the manifestations of Christ; the account of the manifestation in Galilee, which is almost the only one related by St. Matthew, and must have been in-

tentionally omitted by St. Mark. . . . But his most regular omissions are in the account of Our Saviour's discourses, where, in a Gospel composed, as his was, for the instruction of Gentile converts, especially in the account of Our Lord's moral discourses, it was *a priori* to be expected he would have been the most full.

'VII. The verbal coincidences which are found in the text of these two Evangelists, are so numerous, that, in a Harmony duly arranged, they may be discovered in every page. What is most to be observed, they appear in the simple narrative part, as well as in the account of discourses . . . . It is observable also, that these verbal coincidences are much more perceptible between St. Matthew and St. Mark, than between either and St. Luke; the best proof of which is, that, even where all the three are going along together, St. Mark may still be found adhering *verbatim* to St. Matthew, when St. Luke departs from both . . . Nor can I discover any very striking idiom of St. Matthew, which may not be found also in St. Mark.'—Vol. I. pp. 24-28.

In combating the objections which may be urged against this view of the supplementary character of the Gospels of St. Mark and St. Luke, Mr. Greswell adverts to the verbal *disagreements*, which equally require to be accounted for. Had a later Evangelist seen and transcribed from an earlier, it may be thought that he would have retained what he transcribed, without any verbal alterations. This objection, Mr. Greswell replies, assumes, that a later Evangelist might not be as independent an authority as an earlier; and that a prior Gospel must have recorded the whole of what was said, exactly as it was said. But, as regards Our Lord's discourses, every account contained in the Gospels, is a *translation* of what was actually said; and in the terms of a translation, alterations affecting the language, but not the sense, might be freely made.

'If St. Matthew's Gospel was written in the language which Our Saviour spoke, it is possible that it might often have retained the very words which he spoke. But, in the present Gospels, there are only three pure and unmixed instances of which this assertion would hold good:—*Talitha cumi* (Mark, v. 41); *Ephphatha* (Mark, vii. 34); and *Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani* (Matt. xxvii. 46.; Mark, xv. 34). If St. Mark, then, retains the language of St. Matthew in some respects, and deviates from it in others, it must be remembered, that he deviates from a translation of what was actually spoken; and whether, in so doing, he approaches nearer to, or recedes further from, the original, no one now can undertake to say. The same would be true of St. Luke, who, in such instances, where he differs from St. Mark, differs from St. Matthew also. Yet, among all these examples of occasional verbal differences amidst remarkable verbal agreements, it is easy to discover that, while the sense remains the same, some new beauty, force, or propriety is introduced by the change: in which case, it is hardly to be considered as an objection, that the original, in some minute respects, was not already so perfect, so elaborated *ad umbilicum*, that it could admit of no improvement from the copy.' [After

adducing several examples, Mr. G. adds:] 'By far the greater part of the variations in question are resolvable into the principle of ellipsis, or the supplement of fresh matter; many are purely synonymous; many, the fruit of mere compendium of speech; others, on the contrary, of amplification. Even where the difference is greatest in words, there is still an agreement in the sense.' Vol. I. pp. 43, 44.

Our limits will not allow us to detail the whole of the ingenious criticisms and reasonings which are adduced in support of the Author's hypothesis. That St. John's Gospel is of a supplemental character, will be readily admitted; and if so, he must have been acquainted with the preceding ones, although he does not specifically refer to them as authorities. The silence, then, of St. Mark with regard to the first Gospel, and of St. Luke with respect to those of Matthew and Mark, is no objection. The Gospel of St. John consists entirely of independent matter; and 'what St. Mark possesses akin to St. Matthew's, abounds in so much 'more of detail, compared with that, that even in their common 'narrations it may be said to go along by itself.' Yet, had the later Evangelists seen the writings of their predecessors, it may be urged, that they would have avoided all appearance of contradiction or discrepancy. Mr. Greswell replies to this objection, that the existence of such discrepancies is a gratuitous assumption; that the appearance of contradiction has, in many instances, been produced by confounding together distinct, though similar transactions; in which case, the blame attaches not to the ambiguity of the Evangelist, but to the hallucination of the critic; and that, admitting the supplemental character of the later Gospels, 'what appears to be contradiction, is seen to be really explanation, and, instead of confusing and perplexing, clears up 'and ascertains.'

'The writers of these common accounts were too well aware of their mutual agreement and consistency, to be afraid of the effects of collision: they neither apprehended it themselves, nor supposed it would be imputed to them by others. In all such instances, they either borrow light, or they communicate it; they are as critically adapted to each other in what they omit, as in what they supply; sometimes presupposing the circumstances already on record, preliminary to their own accounts; at other times, connecting, separating, or defining the old by additional particulars. That they have done this without professing to be doing it, ought to be no objection.' Vol. I. p. 38.

Account for it as we may, Mr. Greswell remarks, there are transpositions in St. Matthew's Gospel, 'from which a later 'Evangelist would be at liberty to depart, which may be *admitted* without injury to the credibility of St. Matthew, but 'which cannot be *denied* without the utmost danger to the authority of St. Mark or of St. Luke.' It is no more necessary to assume, that, because a prior Evangelist was an eye-witness or



ear-witness of what he records, he would give an account of it in strict chronological order, than to suppose that one who was not an eye-witness would do the contrary. But, if St. Matthew's immediate object, and the structure of his Gospel, did not require him to observe chronological exactness, it is the more probable that those who came after him, and whose object was to set forth the facts relating to the life and ministry of Our Lord "in order", would be found to deviate from his inexact order; nor is it likely that they would depart from it with sufficient reason and evidence. The following remarks claim transcription.

"In short, it cannot be denied, that the Gospel of St. Matthew exhibits the evidence of two facts; one, of great scantiness of detail in the purely narrative parts; the other, of great circumstantiality in the discursive. In the former, then, there was clearly room for supplementary matter; but, in the latter, except on one supposition—that much of what had been so minutely related by him once at a certain time and place, came over again at another—there was little or none. Now, in favour of this supposition, it is a remarkable coincidence, first, that all those parts, or nearly all, in the Gospel of St. Luke, about whose identity with corresponding parts in St. Matthew's a question is commonly raised, are the accounts of discourses as such: secondly, that they all, or nearly all, occur in parts of the Gospel of St. Luke, the corresponding periods to which in the Gospel of St. Matthew, are total blanks. Now where was matter omitted by St. Matthew from its resemblance to what he had recorded before, so likely to have been omitted as here? And what reason was so likely to have produced the blanks in his Gospel as this—because it did occur, and might best be omitted, here? Where, on the other hand, was a supplementary Gospel so likely to abound in fresh matter as here also?" Vol. I. pp. 45, 6.

The reader will perhaps have to complain, on this and other occasions, of a want of clearness in Mr. Greswell's style; and this fault is rendered more conspicuous by the defective punctuation. With regard to the conclusiveness of his reasonings, we reserve our decision, till we shall have brought under the reader's notice, the application of the Author's principles to the text of the Evangelists, in the *Harmony* itself. This must be reserved for a future article. In the mean time, we may remark, that Mr. Greswell's hypothesis has at least this great advantage in its favour; that it satisfactorily accounts for our having four Gospels, and only four. 'Admit that, on any account, St. Matthew's Gospel was not a complete history of the Christian ministry, and we explain the origin of St. Mark's: admit that even both were not sufficient, and we assign a reason for St. Luke's: admit that all the three contained omissions, and we account for the addition of St. John's. But why, it may be asked, was the first Gospel left so incomplete? It seems to us, that Mr. Greswell would have strengthened his argument, had he shewn that

each Gospel bears the internal marks of adaptation to a specific period and purpose, in reference to which it is complete and sufficient. For, though it may be objectionable 'to consider the final end of any of the Gospels as purely temporary, and to account for its structure upon that ground,' it is perfectly allowable and rational to regard the *primary* purpose as related to the circumstances and object of the writer, and to account for its structure by its adaptation to that immediate design. Mr. Greswell does not, he says, 'deny that each of the Gospels must have sufficed for its proper purpose.'

'But if in this position it is implied, that the proper purpose of any one of the Gospels was, to be complete and sufficient independently of the rest, it assumes the point at issue: for this proper purpose may have been just the reverse,—to be complete along with the rest, and not to be independent of them, but to presuppose them. And either of these cases, *à priori*, was just as possible as the other. No one could undertake to say for what particular use and purpose any one of the Gospels was written, unless this use and purpose had been previously declared by the Gospel itself; which is actually true of St. Luke's Gospel only, and even virtually, of none but St. John's besides.' p. 55.

Here the learned Writer has, we think, suffered his eagerness to establish the main hypothesis, to betray him into rash and inconsequential assertion. It is surely quite possible to determine, if not with certainty, yet with high probability, from internal evidence, the use and purpose for which each Gospel was primarily intended; so as to judge of its completeness and sufficiency for that purpose, and to account for its structure on that ground. There would be no presumption in undertaking to explain and illustrate that primary purpose. Nevertheless, as the Author afterwards contends, 'though a particular Gospel might be written for a particular purpose, this would not invalidate the possible truth of its supplementary relation to others'; (the first excepted;) nor would it prove that 'the instruction of a contemporary, and the perpetual benefit of future ages, might not both be consulted in the same provision.' But the specific purpose of the Writer is one thing; and the design of Divine Providence in overruling the specific purpose of each writer for a common final end, is another thing. We might as well suppose that St. Paul, in writing his first Epistle to the Corinthians, did not immediately consult the benefit of the Church of Corinth, but constructed his letter with the express design, that that Epistle might, together with the second and the other canonical epistles, written or to be written, form a complete provision for the necessities of the Church in all ages: we might as rationally suppose this, as that St. Matthew wrote his Gospel, not immediately for the benefit of the Christian believers in Palestine, but



to meet the necessities of the Church in later ages; conscious that it would be insufficient or incomplete without supplements from other hands. The Author's reasoning implies this absurdity; and yet, his argument does not require it. *Absolute* completeness does not attach to either of the Gospels, nor to all four collectively. The relative completeness of each, can be judged of only in reference to its specific purpose. If that purpose had a supplemental relation to a prior document, then its completeness must be judged of in connexion with that previously incomplete history. But, though not complete, each might be *sufficient* for its particular purpose, and perfectly adapted to that purpose; while the concurrent accounts, mutually illustrative and in a sense supplemental, are sufficient for the common and final end for which the Holy Spirit overruled the immediate purpose of the sacred writers.

That St. Mark should not have seen St. Matthew's Gospel, is so utterly incredible, that we are surprised how such a notion should have been seriously maintained. Having seen it, it is equally incredible that he should not have consulted it. And that he should have done so, and made use of it, is surely a more natural supposition, and not less compatible with the credibility, independence, and inspiration of St. Mark, than that Matthew, Mark, and Luke drew their materials, independently and without concert, from an imaginary *πρωτευαγγέλιον*, or from floating, unarranged, unauthoritative documents. Upon this point, Mr. Greswell's observations are, we think, quite conclusive.

‘It is considered as no objection to the credibility of St. John, even when he goes along with the first three Gospels, that he had seen and was acquainted with them; and I would inquire of those who feel any alarm on this score, whether, if they knew that St. Mark had repeatedly heard or conversed with St. Matthew, they would think him, on that account, less competent to write a Gospel. Instead of this, they must say he would be more so. I would inquire again, then, what difference there could be between hearing and conversing with St. Matthew, and reading his work? Would not the one be as good and as authentic a source of information as the other? Is the credibility of St. Mark increased, the more of the original eye-witnesses and ear-witnesses of the Gospel he had personally seen and heard? Is it all at once impaired, if he had perused a Gospel by any of them? The truth is, unless every one of the first three Gospels was composed at the same time and in different places, it would be a moral impossibility, that St. Matthew's Gospel could actually have been in existence before St. Mark wrote his, and yet not be known to him; and equally so, that, if known to him before he wrote his own, it could have been deliberately disregarded by him when he was writing it. The same impossibility will hold good of St. Luke; so that, except on the supposition before mentioned, we could not, however much we might consider it necessary, keep a later Evangelist in ignorance of

the existence of a prior. But, in fact, the whole basis of this imaginary danger is overthrown by the supplementary relation of the later Gospels: it is peculiar to that relation, both to imply the existence of prior, and yet to derive no authority from them.' Vol. I. p. 62.

The preface to St. Luke's Gospel refers to a plurality of narratives, the composition of persons who had derived their information from the original witnesses and ministers of the Gospel: expressions which clearly exclude the apostolic Gospels. Yet, had St. Matthew's been a regular and orderly history, (to say nothing of St. Mark's,) it would create a difficulty, that St. Luke should nevertheless have deemed it necessary to furnish a new and more accurate narrative, and that he should have taken no direct notice of the existence of such an authentic document. The proof from internal evidence, that St. Luke was acquainted with the first Gospel, is, we must think, by no means so strong as that St. Mark consulted and followed it. Still, St. Luke's very acquaintance with the various apocryphal or unauthoritative histories, renders it in the highest degree improbable that he should not have seen the only true *proto-evangelion*, the Gospel of St. Matthew. But so little that is directly historical is contained in that Gospel, or even in St. Mark's, that St. Luke might well consider himself as entering upon ground totally unoccupied by the prior Evangelists. St. Luke is the only historian of the New Testament. His Gospel may be said to contain supplemental information, as his second book, the Acts, may be regarded as supplemental to St. Paul's Epistles; but its character is not that of a supplemental document. It is not, like St. Mark's, merely a new edition, as it were, of the first Gospel, more orderly, circumstantial, and complete, and adapted to Gentile converts, but, a work of a different kind, independent and original, and comprising facts and dates with which the other Evangelists do not concern themselves. That he repeats so little of what St. Matthew has recorded; that he seems even to avoid copying him; that he gives a different genealogy of Our Lord; that he introduces few parables but such as St. Matthew had omitted;—all tend to prove that he was well acquainted with St. Matthew's Gospel, and that he had no thought of superseding it, while they shew that he drew his information from independent sources. In point of chronology, St. Luke's must of necessity form the basis of a Gospel history. To suppose him to have neglected order in the narration of events, is to discredit his own pretensions, and to impeach his credibility. No other Evangelist makes similar claims to historical accuracy. But the order of events, and the order of matter, are not the same thing. The most accurate historian may introduce anecdotes, without regard to the particular date and place; and the structure of all the Gospels, Mr. Greswell tells us, is '*anecdotal*.' And we know of no law of historical writing, which requires the strict

observance of chronological series in introducing specimens of the sayings and discourses of the subject of the memoir. While, therefore, we should rely upon the historical precision of this Evangelist in the detail and order of *facts*, we should deem it far more safe for the Harmonist generally to adhere to St. Matthew in the arrangement of Our Lord's sayings and discourses, with the precise occasion, date, and scene of which, (immaterial to a history,) an eye-witness only could be perfectly and accurately acquainted. And if, in giving these, St. Matthew has not adhered to chronological order, but has brought together such minor and illustrative occurrences, or sayings, as were distinct and separate in point of time, 'out of deference to certain principles 'of association,' we may safely infer, that the time and order in which they occurred, are of no absolute importance. In fact, the connexion of subject which suggested them to the Evangelist, may be far more important than the connexion of time and place; and there is no small danger lest, in transpositions intended to harmonize the chronological order, violence should be done to the intention of the inspired Writer and to the general scope of the passage. Flagrant instances of this kind might be adduced from most of our Harmonies; and few indeed are the transpositions which do not involve injury to the context. How far Mr. Greswell has steered clear of this species of violence to the sacred text, we shall see hereafter. We shall for the present take leave of the subject, by exhibiting in a tabular view, the results, in part of Mr. Greswell's researches, in part of our own Biblical studies, as to the distinctive characteristics of the Four Gospels.



ST. MATTHEW'S  
GOSPEL.

Written about A.D. 42.

In Palestine, for the use of Jewish believers. Originally in Syro-Chaldean. Translated, probably, by Mark (or James), about A.D. 54. Style of Transl. Hebraistic Greek; closely resembling St. Mark's.

Purpose and scope. To establish the legal genealogy of Our Lord as the *Heir* of David;—to vindicate from Jewish cavils the circumstances of his birth and despised condition;—to shew the entire correspondence of every part of his character, conduct, circumstances, and sufferings, to the predictions of the Jewish Scriptures;—to exhibit specimens of his preaching and doctrine;—in a word, to establish his Divine authority as greater than Moses, and the evidence of his being Messiah.

*Characteristics:* Extreme conciseness in noting facts. Frequent appeal to Old Testament prophecies and precedents. The fullest report of Our Lord's discourses.

*Contents:* Genealogy of Jesus. Miraculous birth. Visit of the Magi. Massacre at Bethlehem. Flight into Egypt. Public appearance of the Forerunner. Baptism and probationary temptation of our Lord. His Public Ministry from the time of his return to Galilee after the imprisonment of John, at which time this Evangelist's acquaintance with the Lord commenced. Betrayal, Trial, and Crucifixion of Jesus. Resurrection, and public appearance in Galilee.

ST. MARK'S GOSPEL.  
Written about A.D. 54.

At Rome (or Alexandria), for the use of foreign Jews and Gentile converts. The Writer a native Jew, intimately acquainted with the topography and idioms of Palestine. Style, a Hebraistic Greek.

—To give a brief outline of the leading facts and characteristic features of our Lord's public ministry in Galilee; omitting such allusions and passages as would exclusively interest the Jews, and adding explanatory phrases and circumstances for the information of Gentile Christians. The miracles of Our Lord are more prominently adduced, than his character as a teacher, and the correspondence between the facts and the predictions.

Conciseness and exactness, yet more circumstantial and specific in many parts of the narrative than St. Matthew. More exact arrangement of facts. Omission of the discourses. Frequent Latinisms.

Precursive ministry of John. Baptism of Our Lord. Public ministry of Christ in Galilee from the imprisonment of John. Events of the Passion week. The Crucifixion. Resurrection. Manifestation. Ascension.

ST. LUKE'S GOSPEL.  
Written about A.D. 60.

Place uncertain: probably Achaia. The Writer a Gentile, the Companion of St. Paul; supposed to have been a native of Antioch, by profession a physician.

Style, the purest Greek of the sacred Writers; copious and flowing.

—To give an authentic and orderly relation of the facts believed among Christians; commencing with the parentage and birth of Our Lord's forerunner; and carrying on the historical account with chronological exactness to the Ascension.

Historical accuracy and exactness in the record of events. More of artificial order and classification of subject. Specification of circumstances of general and political interest. Supplemental relations.

Circumstances relating to the birth of John the Baptist. The Annunciation. The Nativity. The Circumcision. Early life of Our Lord. Date of John's ministry; his preaching, testimony to Christ, and imprisonment. Baptism of Our Lord; his age at the commencement of his ministry; lineal descent from David by his mother. Temptation. Public ministry of Our Lord in Galilee, and in Judea. Transactions at Jerusalem during the Passion-week. Particulars of the Crucifixion, Resurrection, Manifestation, and Ascension.

ST. JOHN'S GOSPEL.  
Written about A.D. 97.

At Ephesus. The Apostle, a Galilean Jew, the disciple whom Jesus loved. Written for the Church Catholic.

Style, Hebraistic Greek, but more fluent and facile than that of Mark.

—To prove that Jesus is the Son of God, that believers may have life through his name; in confutation of Gnostic heresies. To furnish additional particulars of Our Lord's public teaching and more private intercourse with his disciples; and to illustrate the events recorded by the other Evangelists. To portray the moral glory of the Saviour's character. "*Priores illi corpus in medium proferunt; Johannes vero animum.*"

Perspicuity and pathos of style. Biographical minuteness. Supplemental character of the narrative. Copious specimens of Our Lord's *argumentative* discourses. Constant reference to his character as the Son of God.

Proëm, testifying the pre-existence and deity of the Word who was made flesh. Confession and testimony of John the Baptist. Transactions which intervened between the Temptation and Our Lord's public ministry on the imprisonment of John. Visit to Jerusalem and discourse with the Jews there. Discourse occasioned by the miracle of the loaves at Capernaum. Second visit to Jerusalem; discourses and miracles there. Third visit, to raise Lazarus. Final return to Jerusalem. Valedictory discourse with the disciples. Last Prayer. Trial. Crucifixion. Resurrection. Manifestations.

(To be continued.)

Art. II.—*Memoir of Felix Neff, Pastor of the High Alps; and of his Labours among the French Protestants of Dauphiné, a Remnant of the primitive Christians of Gaul.* By William Stephen Gilly, M.A. Prebendary of Durham and Vicar of Norham. 8vo. pp. 342. Price 8s. 6d. London, 1832.

NOT merely this volume, but the pious labours which it records, may be said to have been in part originated by the interesting memorials of the life of the Pastor Oberlin. 'The character of Oberlin ' was Neff's delight and his model; and if,' says Mr. Gilly, ' it did not first awaken his desire to become eminent ' in the same way, it confirmed his good resolutions.'

' The Pastor of the Alps had by some means become acquainted with the history of the Pastor of the Vosges, and of his improvements in the Ban de la Roche. Several publications had noticed Oberlin's beneficial labours in his mountain parish; and Neff's bosom glowed with a noble emulation to imitate his doings. Therefore, without derogating in the least degree from Neff's merits, it may be said, that much of his usefulness may be attributed to the practical lesson which Oberlin had previously taught . . . The amiable Biographer who collected the memorials of Oberlin, may enjoy the exquisite satisfaction of believing, that her record of his blameless life and indefatigable labours will be like a voice exclaiming in the ears of many who begin to feel the pleasure of being useful, " Go thou and do likewise"; and will thus be the means of perpetuating to future generations the influence of Oberlin's beneficent exertions, more effectually than any monument to his memory.' pp. 232, 3.

Mr. Gilly, the Author of the present Memoir, must be well known to our readers, by his " Narrative of an Excursion to the Mountains of Piedmont"; \* and his assiduous and persevering efforts on behalf of the Waldensian Church reflect the highest honour upon his Christian benevolence. In the course of his ecclesiastical researches, he became convinced, ' that the secluded ' glens of Piedmont are not the only retreats where the descendants of primitive Christians may be found.' His belief that the Alpine provinces of France might still be harbouring some of the descendants of the early Christians of Gaul, was confirmed by a letter received in the winter of 1826, from the Rev. Francis Cunningham, in which the meritorious labours of Felix Neff were referred to; and he subsequently obtained from that gentleman, ' to whom the Protestant cause on the Continent ' owes much,' a memorial drawn up by Neff himself, of which the substance is given in the Introduction to the present memoir. Long as it is, we cannot refrain from giving it entire.

' " In those dark times, when the Dragon of whom St. John speaks, made war with the remnant of the seed which kept the commandments

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\* See Eccl. Rev. Vol. XXVI. p. 550.

of God, and have the testimony of Jesus Christ, some of those who escaped from the edge of the sword, found a place of refuge among the mountains. It was then, that the most rugged valleys of the French department of the High Alps, were peopled by the remains of those primitive Christians, who, after the example of Moses, when he preferred the reproach of Christ to the riches of Egypt, changed their fertile plains for a frightful wilderness. But fanaticism still pursued them; and neither their poverty nor their innocence, nor the glaciers and precipices among which they dwelt, entirely protected them; and the caverns which served them for churches, were often washed with their blood. Previously to the Reformation, the Valley of Fressinière was the only place in France, where they could maintain their ground; and even here, they were driven from the more productive lands, and were forced to retreat to the very foot of the glacier, where they built the village of Dormilleuse. This village, constructed like an eagle's nest upon the side of a mountain, was the citadel where a small portion that was left, established itself, and where the race has continued without any mixture with strangers to the present day. Others took up their dwelling at the bottom of a deep glen called La Combe, a rocky abyss to which there is no exit; where the horizon is so bounded, that, for six months of the year, the rays of the sun never penetrate. These hamlets, exposed to avalanches and the falling of rocks, and buried under snow half the year, consist of hovels, of which some are without chimneys and glazed windows, and others have nothing but a miserable kitchen and a stable, which is seldom cleaned out more than once a year, and where the inhabitants spend the greater part of the winter with their cattle for the sake of the warmth. The rocks by which they are enclosed, are so barren, and the climate is so severe, that there is no knowing how these poor Alpines, with all their simplicity and temperance, contrive to subsist. Their few sterile fields hang over precipices, and are covered, in places, with enormous blocks of granite, which roll every year from the cliffs above. Some seasons, even rye will not ripen there. The pasturages are, many of them, inaccessible to cattle, and scarcely safe for sheep. Such wretched soil cannot be expected to yield any thing more than will barely sustain life, and pay the taxes, which, owing to the unfeeling negligence of the inspectors, are too often levied without proper consideration for the unproductiveness of the land. The clothing of these poor creatures, is made of coarse wool, which they dress and weave themselves. Their principal food is unsifted rye: this, they bake into cakes in the autumn, so as to last the whole year.

“ The revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1686, deprived them of their ministers, and we may judge what their condition must have been for many years; but still, there was not a total famine of the Word among them. They met together to read the Bible and to sing psalms; and although they had an ancient church in Dormilleuse, they were building a second in La Combe, which was not finished when I first arrived there. Such was their situation when Providence directed me to their valleys in 1823. They received me most gladly; they attended my preaching with eagerness, and gave themselves up to my guidance in all that I undertook for their im-



provement. The limits of this short notice will not permit me to enter into any detail of my proceedings, during the three years and a half that I remained with them. I will merely state, that my instructions were not unproductive of good; that many young men have been put in the way of opening schools during the winter; that the Sunday-schools have been frequented by adults who could not profit by the lessons given in the day-schools open to younger persons. Up to this period, the girls and the women had been almost entirely neglected. With the assistance of subscriptions from foreigners, one school-room has been built, and another is in preparation. Several of the inhabitants have shewn a strong inclination to take advantage of the information which I have given them on agriculture and architecture, and in the principles of some of the useful sciences, which hitherto were utterly unknown to them. I have distributed many Bibles, New Testaments, and other books of piety among them, which, I have been pleased to find, were not only received with gratitude, but such as were sold were readily purchased at prime cost. In truth, the religious knowledge communicated to them has been so blessed, that you would not find in any part of France more genuine piety or simplicity of manners. But still it can hardly be expected that this improvement will be permanent, considering their physical, moral, and religious condition, so long as they are without the ministration of regular pastors. Up to the present time, the Valley of Fressinière has not a pastor of its own. It is served in connexion with the churches of Val Queyras, which are ten leagues distant, on the other side of the Durance, and are separated by a lofty range of mountains, whose passes are not only very difficult, but absolutely dangerous in the winter. The visits of the pastor are, therefore, necessarily few and at long intervals; and the people are obliged to wait his convenience, until they can have their children baptized, the nuptial blessing pronounced, or any of the church services performed. Moved by the destitute condition of these mountaineers, who are endeared to me not only by their own amiable disposition, but by their interesting origin, I would most willingly devote myself to their service, and submit to all manner of deprivation and fatigue as their pastor; but the frequent journeys from one church to another, in the Valleys of Fressinière and Queyras, have been too much for me; and total exhaustion, proceeding from this cause and from a stomach complaint, brought on by living on unwholesome food, have so disabled me, that I am obliged to remove myself for the present, with very slight hopes of ever being so restored as to be able to return.

“At this juncture, when respect for the adherents of the primitive doctrines and forms of Christianity has manifested itself so conspicuously in behalf of the Protestants of the Valleys of Piedmont, I have thought it my duty to give publicity to the fact, that their brethren of the French Alps are equally objects of interest, and much more indigent, although they have hitherto remained unknown and unnoticed.” pp. 5—10.

Anxious to know more both of this ‘Apostle of the Alps and of his flock,’ Mr. Gilly determined to visit the Val Fressinière,

on his way to or from Piedmont; and he had the gratification of traversing nearly the whole of the alpine diocese which was the sphere of Neff's pastoral labours; but that extraordinary man had gone to his rest a few months before his Biographer arrived at Dormilleuse. From the information collected on the spot, together with other documents\*, including Neff's own journals, the present volume has been compiled.

Felix Neff was born in the year 1798, and was brought up in a village near Geneva, under the care of his widowed mother. The village pastor gave him instruction in the Latin language, as well as in history, geography, and botany. Among the few books that were within his reach, Plutarch and Rousseau were his favourites: the former, by making him acquainted with the great heroes of antiquity, kindled his youthful ambition; and the writings of the latter encouraged his love of nature and his taste for mountain scenery. Military exploits and scientific researches shared the visions of his boyhood; and his character and habits were thus formed in remarkable adaptation for the arduous duties and hardships of his future station "as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

'When it was time for Neff to select a profession, necessity or choice, or perhaps both combined, induced him to engage himself to the proprietor of a nursery-ground or florist-gardener; and at sixteen, he published a little treatise on the culture of trees. The accuracy and arrangement of this juvenile work, and the proof of deep observation which it manifested, were subjects of no small praise at the time. But the quiet and humble walks of the florist's garden were soon exchanged for the bustle of the garrison; and at seventeen, Felix entered† as a private into the military service of Geneva, in the memorable year 1815. Two years afterwards, he was promoted to the rank of serjeant of artillery; and having raised himself to notice by his theoretical and practical knowledge of mathematics, he continued to make this branch of science his study during his continuance in the army. . . . Neff was soon distinguished in the corps to which he belonged, not only as an efficient sub-officer, but as a devoted soldier of the cross. The influence, however, which he hourly obtained over his comrades, excited a degree of jealousy among the superior officers, which was far from honourable to them. They wished him out of the service: he was too religious for them; and after a few years, the serious turn of his mind became so marked, that he was advised to quit it, and to prepare himself for holy orders.' pp. 43—45.

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\* The Author acknowledges his obligations to a small tract, entitled, "*Notice sur Felix Neff, Pasteur dans les Hautes Alpes.*" A brief memoir of Neff, chiefly translated from this tract, was given in the *Congregat. Mag.* for April last.

† In a memoir referred to in a preceding note, it is stated, that Neff was 'compelled to enrol himself in the garrison.'

It would have been interesting to learn more distinctly the means and mental process by which, amid circumstances and associations so unfavourable to piety, Neff first became awakened to his own spiritual condition and to the paramount importance of eternal interests. A deep and solemn examination of the *motives* which had hitherto governed his conduct, appears to have led to the overwhelming conviction, that he had come utterly short of the primary obligations of a creature, and of the unchangeable requirements of the law of God. The mental anguish produced by this discovery, was augmented by his ignorance of the evangelical doctrine. In this agony of spirit, he had recourse to prayer for guidance and relief, and to the Bible itself, to the study of which he devoted himself with fervent supplications for Divine illumination: 'Make me, O God, to know thy truth; and deign to manifest thyself to my heart.' Such was his language; and his prayer was heard. Mr. Gilly states, that, on quitting the army, Neff 'placed himself under pious instruction and superintendence.' Having offered himself as a candidate for ordination, he officiated for some time as a probationer, or *proposant*; first, in the neighbourhood of Geneva, afterwards in the adjacent cantons, and, in 1821, at Grenoble. We should have been glad to learn further particulars relating to this period of his life; but all that is known, or stated in the memoir, is comprised in these facts. He was in his twenty-fourth year, and had not yet received ordination, when, in 1821, he was invited to assist the Protestant pastor of Grenoble. Having remained there about six months, his services were requested at Mens, in the department of Isère, to supply the place of an absent pastor; and at the petition of the inhabitants to the Consistory, he was nominated 'pastor-catechist' on June 1, 1822. His indefatigable zeal and faithful instructions were made useful to many persons there, and endeared him to all. Having thus, during four years, made proof of his ministry, he left Mens in April 1823, with the intention of seeking ordination. But here a difficulty presented itself.

'By whom should he be ordained? By the authorities of the National Church of Geneva, the land of his birth? They had avowed principles from which his soul shrunk; and he felt a strong reluctance to derive authority to preach the Gospel from those who, in his opinion, had betrayed the Gospel, by ceasing to uphold the divinity of Jesus Christ and the essential doctrines of the Book of Life. Should he present himself before those seceding pastors of Geneva who had separated from the National Church, and who declared themselves the members of a new Church? A reference to Neff's letter on the subject of national establishments, will shew that he was likely to have scruples here.' p. 81.

The letter to which Mr. Gilly refers, explicitly maintains the right of separation from the national Church, but at the same



time expresses the Writer's opinion in favour of Establishments, as 'useful institutions.' 'It is necessary in my opinion,' says Neff, 'at the same time that we recognize the right of a Christian to separate, (and it is often absolutely expedient to do so,) to admit also, that there are many strong reasons to induce a great number of the children of God to remain in connexion with the national church, so long as it does not compel them to profess or to teach a lie, and that it does not reject them from its bosom, because they are in unison with a more spiritual congregation.' Neff's views on this subject were in entire coincidence with those of Henry, Howe, Baxter, and the great body of the ejected ministers. Yet, the step which he took, though not in direct opposition to the National Church of Geneva, was one of very decided dissent from it. He resolved to come to this country, where his name and character had been made known through the medium of the Continental Society, 'to ask for a public recognition as a devoted servant of God, in one of those independent congregations whose ministers are received in the Protestant churches of France, as duly authorized to preach the word of God and to fulfil all the duties of the pastoral office.' Unacquainted with a word of English, he embarked on board a steam-boat at Calais; on landing at Dover, consigned himself to a night-coach; and arrived in the Metropolis on a Sunday morning, with no other clew to guide him through the mazes of the city, than a direction to the house of the Rev. Mr. Wilks. After 'puzzling out his way' to his friend's abode, he found that Mr. Wilks was not at home, and no one in the house could speak French. He then contrived to find his way to the Protestant French Church.

'The excellent Mr. Scholl was the preacher at the chapel upon this occasion; and to him Neff addressed himself after the service, with the modest request that he would direct him to an hotel where French was spoken. The wanderer's delight must have been excessive, when Mr. Scholl kindly accosted him by name, and told him that he was aware of the errand upon which he had come, and that every thing should be done to promote his views. He was placed in comfortable lodgings; and, on the return of Mr. Wilks, he was introduced by that gentleman to the ministers who were to receive him into their body. . . . On the 19th of May, 1823, Neff, to use his own terms, "received a diploma in Latin, signed by nine ministers, of whom three were doctors in Theology, and one was a Master of Arts, and was ordained in a chapel in the Poultry in London."—pp. 88, 9.

We cannot refrain from remarking, that Mr. Gilly's account of these transactions bespeaks a candour and liberality of mind highly honourable to him as an Episcopalian. There are, we fear, not many churchmen who would let pass so tempting an occasion for asserting the exclusive validity of Episcopal orders,

and for insinuating their contempt for the congregational polity. Neff lost no time in returning to the scene of his pastoral labours; and the affectionate reception he met with at Mens, 'would have been felt like a triumphal entrance by any but a 'person of his humble and unassuming spirit.' The jealousy of the French Government towards foreign preachers, rendered it unadvisable, however, for him to remain there; and he had formed a strong desire to make the secluded and neglected region of the Alps the scene of his labours. With as much ardour as many would have sought the richest preferment, he longed to become the Oberlin of the French Alps.

"I am always dreaming of the High Alps," said he in a letter of the 8th of Sept. 1823; "and I would rather be stationed there, than in the places which are under the beautiful sky of Languedoc. In the higher Alpine region I shall be the only pastor, and therefore more at liberty. In the south, I shall be embarrassed by the presence and conflicting opinions of other pastors. With respect to the description which B—— has given of these mountains, it may be correct as to some places; but still, the country bears a strong resemblance to the Alps of Switzerland. It has its advantages and even its beauties. If there are wolves and chamois, there are also cattle and pasturage, and glaciers, and picturesque spots, and above all, an energetic race of people, intelligent, active, hardy, and patient under fatigue, who offer a better soil for the Gospel, than the wealthy and corrupt inhabitants of the plains of the South."

At length, his ardent wishes were gratified. On the application of the elders of the Protestant churches of Val Queyras and Val Fressinière to the Consistory of Orpierre, he was regularly appointed their pastor; but difficulties occurred with respect to some formalities requisite in order to his obtaining the Government stipend; so that his salary from the Continental Society, of about fifty pounds a year, was his principal, if not sole maintenance.

Neff's journal has noted the 16th of Jan. 1824, as the day on which he arrived at Arvieux, to take possession of the habitation provided for the pastor of the district. The parish of Arvieux, one of the two ecclesiastical sections into which the department of the High Alps is divided, comprises the two *arrondissemens* of Embrun and Briançon. It extends sixty miles, in a straight geographical line from east to west; but nearly eighty miles must be traversed through the windings of the mountains, in the journey from one extreme point to the other. Within this line are situated seventeen or eighteen villages, containing between 600 and 700 Protestants, who are divided into six distinct and distant groupes. The valley of Queyras, which communicates directly with the Protestant valleys of Piedmont by the pass of the Col de la Croix, forms the eastern quarter of the section of Arvieux.

This valley, extending from the foot of Monte Viso to Mont Dauphin, comprises the whole length of the river Guil, to its junction with the Durance, together with the lateral glens through which descend the mountain torrents that fall into the Guil. The western quarter of the section consists of the valley of Fressinière, watered by a torrent which pours itself into the Durance half-way between Briançon and Embrun. Sixty miles of rugged road must be trodden by the pastor stationed at La Chalp, near Arvieux, before he can perform his duties at Champsaur, at the eastern extremity of his parish. San Veran, at the opposite extremity, is twelve miles west of La Chalp; he has also a distance of twenty miles towards the south and of thirty-three towards the north, when his services are required by the little flocks at Vars and La Grave. The contrast which these savage defiles on the *wrong* side of the Alps, present to the Piedmontese valleys, is very striking. The latter are, for the most part, beautifully diversified by green meadows and rich corn-fields; the declivities are clothed with thick foliage, and the innumerable flocks and herds browsing on the mountain sides, present an animated picture. They form, in fact, Mr. Gilly remarks, 'a garden with 'deserts in view.' Some are barren and repulsive, but they are exceptions.

'On the contrary, in the Alpine retreats of the French Protestants, fertility is the exception, and barrenness the common aspect. There, the tottering cliffs, the sombre and frowning rocks, which, from their fatiguing continuity, look like a mournful veil which is never to be raised,—the tremendous abysses, the comfortless cottages, and the ever present dangers, from avalanches and thick mists and clouds,—proclaim that this is a land which man never would have chosen, even for his hiding-place, but from the direst necessity.'—p. 113.

The Pass of the Guil, which is one of the keys of France on the Italian frontier, presents scenery of the most terrible magnificence, that might amply repay the summer traveller for the fatigue of exploring this savage defile; but, in winter, it is so perilous that lives are lost almost every year. Yet, Neff repeatedly forced his way through it in the middle of January, when it is notoriously unsafe. We must make room for the following description and the reflections which are subjoined.

'On issuing out of the depths of the defile, the frowning battlements of Château Queyras, built on a lofty projecting cliff, on the edge of the torrent, and backed by the barrier wall of Alps, which, at this season of the year, towers like a bulwark of ice between the dominions of France, and those of the king of Sardinia, present a picture of the most striking magnificence. Every thing combines to give an interest to the scene. In the far distances are the snowy peaks of Monte Viso, of dazzling white, and in the fore-ground, the rustic aqueducts, composed



in the simplest manner of wooden troughs, supported on lofty scaffolding, and crossing and recrossing the narrow valley; which form a striking contrast between the durability of the works of God's hands, the everlasting mountains, and the perishable devices of men. About a mile and a half, on the Guillestre side, from Château Queyras, a rough path, on the left, conducts to Arvieux: and here a different prospect opens to the view. The signs of cultivation and of man's presence increase: some pretty vales, and snug-looking cottages please the eye; and in one spot, a frail but picturesque foot-bridge of pines carelessly thrown across a chasm, invites the stranger to approach and inspect it. He is almost appalled to find himself on the brink of an abyss, many fathoms deep, at the bottom of which a body of water foams and chafes, which has forced itself a passage through the living rock. The narrowness and depth of this chasm, and the extraordinary manner in which it is concealed from observation, till you are close to it, form one of the greatest natural curiosities in a province which abounds in objects of the same sort.

Neff followed the custom of those who directed him to his pastoral dwelling-place, and called it Arvieux in his journals. It is not, however, situated in the principal village of the commune so called, but at La Chalp, a small hamlet beyond. The church is at Arvieux, but the minister's residence is, with the majority of the Protestant population, higher up the valley; for in this glen, as in all the others where the remains of the primitive Christians still exist, they are invariably found to have crept up to the furthest habitable part of it. In the Valley of Fressinière, the Protestants, in like manner, have penetrated to the edge of the glacier, where they were most likely to remain unmolested; and again, in the commune of Molines, Grosse Pierre, and Fousillarde, are at the very furthest point of vegetation; and there is nothing fit for mortal to take refuge in, between San Veran and the eternal snows which mantle the pinnacles of Monte Viso.

In the page which records his arrival at the humble white cottage, which had been recently prepared for the pastor, in La Chalp, Neff has not inserted any observation about the comforts or conveniences of the habitation designed for his future dwelling-place. It is a small low building, without any thing to distinguish it but its white front; such at least was its aspect when I saw it: but there was an air of cheerfulness in its situation, facing the south, and standing in a warm sunny spot, which contrasted strongly with the dismal hovels of Dormilleuse, where he afterwards spent most of the winter months. It is most probable that he found it totally devoid of every thing which administers to comfort, beyond locality; for a memorandum, written a few days after his arrival, mentions his having made a journey to Guillestre, for the purchase of some household utensils. Once for all, therefore, I may remark, that the reader, whose notions of the happiness of a pastor's life have been formed in the smiling parsonage or snug manse, or who has considered it as deriving its enjoyment from a state of blissful repose and peacefulness, has widely erred from the mark in Neff's case. His happiness was, to be busily employed in bringing souls to God: he seems not to have set the slightest value on any of the comforts of a home: or, if he valued them, to have sacri-

ficed them cheerfully to his sense of duty. One of the principal charms in the recital of a good clergyman's life, is the character of the clergyman at home. But Neff had none of the comforts of this life to cheer him. No family endearments welcomed him to a peaceful fire-side after the toils of the day : nothing of earthly softness smoothed his pillow. His was a career of anxiety, unmitigated and unconsolated by any thing but a sense of duties performed, and of acceptance with God. The commune of Arvieux, and the cheerful hamlets of La Chalp and Brunichard, were the brightest spots in his extensive parish ; but they were not the fairest to his eye, for he complains in several of his letters, that the people there were spoiled by the advantages of their situation, and were by no means so well inclined to profit by his instructions, as the inhabitants of less favoured spots.' pp. 115—119.

The natives of Arvieux are almost all Roman Catholics. Those of La Chalp and Brunichard are, for the most part, Protestants. San Veran is the highest village in the valley of Queyras, and the most pious. It is, in fact, said to be the most elevated village in Europe ; and it is a provincial saying relating to the mountain of San Veran, that it is *la piu alta ou l'i mindgent pan*, the highest spot where bread is eaten. It contains about twenty-three Protestant families. Mr. Gilly was only the second Englishman who had penetrated to this obscure nook of the Alps. He found the men intelligent, well read in the Scriptures, and eager to converse on spiritual subjects. The village is so fenced in by rock and mountain barriers, that not a road approaches it, over which a wheel has ever passed. None of the comforts and few of the conveniences of life have yet been introduced there. But, says Mr. Gilly,

'San Veran is a garden, and a scene of delights, when compared with Dormilleuse, to which the pastor hastened, as soon as he had put things in order in this part of his parish. Here the houses are built like log-houses, of rough pine trees, laid one above another, and composed of several stories, which have a singularly picturesque look, not unlike the chalets in Switzerland, but loftier and much more picturesque. On the ground floor the family dwells ; hay and unthrashed corn occupy the first story, and the second is given up to grain, and to stores of bread-cakes and cheeses, ranged on frame-work suspended from the roof. But at Dormilleuse, the huts are wretched constructions of stone and mud, from which fresh air, comfort, and cleanliness seem to be utterly excluded. Cleanliness, indeed, is not a virtue which distinguishes any of the people in these mountains ; and with such a nice sense of moral perception as they display, and with such strict attention to the duties of religion, it is astonishing that they have not yet learnt to practise those ablutions in their persons or habitations, which are as necessary to comfort as to health. Even among the better provided, for they are all peasants alike, tillers of the earth, and small proprietors, the wealthiest of whom (if we can speak of wealth, even comparatively, on such poor soil,) puts his hand to the

spade and hoe with the same alacrity as the poorest, the same uncleanness prevails; their apartments are unswept, their woollen garments unwashed, and their hands and faces as little accustomed to cold water, as if there was a perpetual drought in the land. I should fear that the excellent Neff, with all the improvements which he introduced into his parish, either omitted, or failed to convince the folks there, that cleanliness is not a forbidden luxury, but one of the necessary duties of life.

‘But though their habitations and their persons are, thus far, likely to leave some disagreeable impressions on those whose sensations have been rendered quick and impatient by English habits, yet the simplicity, amiability, and good manners which prevail among these children of nature, are so winning, and the images and associations that rise up in the mind, in this retreat of Protestantism in France, supply such profuse enjoyment, and give such a grace, as well as a charm, to any intercourse with them, that it is impossible not to write down the time that may be spent in San Veran and in its contiguous hamlets, among the most interesting of one’s life. To those who understand the patois, or to whom it is accurately translated, as it was to us, the poetical and elegant turn which is given to conversation, by the constant use of figures and metaphors derived from mountain scenery, and from the accidents and exposures of Alpine life, enhance the pleasure, and send the traveller home well satisfied with his excursion. In short, it is the moral and intellectual refinement about these mountaineers, which renders their society interesting in a high degree, and furnishes matter for reflection long afterwards.’ pp. 124—6.

The rock on which Dormilleuse stands, is almost inaccessible even in the finest months in the year. From the village of La Roche, where the Durance is crossed by a long timber bridge, it is one continued ascent of five hours, the latter part steep and dangerous, to this bleak and gloomy spot. Nature is there ‘stern and terrible, without offering any boon but that of personal security from the fury of the oppressor.’ When the sun shines brightest, the side of the mountain opposite to the village, and on the same level, is covered with snow; nor is any thing seen that relieves the forlorn prospect. Yet, in this wretched place, Neff, relinquishing the scanty comforts of his station at La Chalp, took up his head-quarters from November to April, because there his services seemed to be most requisite, and because he had every thing to teach the poor inhabitants, even to the planting of a potato. ‘But his whole life was a sacrifice.’ The population consisted of forty families, every one Protestant, and, though sunk in ignorance and degeneracy, interesting to him, as ‘of the unmixed race of the ancient Waldenses, who never bowed their knee before an idol, even when all the Protestants of the valley of Queyras dissembled their faith.’

‘“The aspect of this desert,” (writes Neff,) “both terrible and sublime, which served as the asylum of truth, when almost all the



world lay in darkness; the recollection of the faithful martyrs of old, the deep caverns into which they retired to read the Bible in secret, and to worship the Father of Light in spirit and in truth;—every thing tends to elevate my soul, and to inspire it with sentiments difficult to describe. But with what grief do I reflect upon the present state of the unhappy descendants of those ancient witnesses to the crucified Redeemer! A miserable and degenerate race, whose moral and physical aspect reminds the Christian, that sin and death are the only true inheritance of the children of Adam. Now you can scarcely find one among them who has any true knowledge of the Saviour, although they almost all testify the greatest veneration for the Holy Scriptures. But, though they are nothing in themselves, let us hope that they are well beloved for their fathers' sakes, and that the Lord will once more permit the light of his countenance and the rays of his grace to shine upon those places, which he formerly chose for his sanctuary." p. 134.

It was the wretchedness of these poor mountaineers in the three highest villages of Val Fressinière, that induced Neff to devote more of his time to them than to any other quarter of his parish: 'seeing them deprived of almost every temporal enjoyment, he determined to give them all the spiritual comfort he 'could impart.' Nor were his labours bestowed upon an ungrateful soil. For the details of his proceedings and their results, we must refer our readers to the Memoir. In emulation of the example of Oberlin, he became for their sakes, mason, carpenter, architect, engineer, agriculturist; working with his own hands at the head of his reluctant parishioners, and by this means shaming them into exertions for the common benefit. In order to qualify himself to become their schoolmaster also, he determined to make himself master of the *patois* of Dauphiné; and in this he succeeded. In a miserable stable, the only school-room, this admirable man was to be seen patiently teaching his young parishioners the elements of the French language; and then, to vary the dull routine of reading and spelling, and to keep his pupils in good humour, giving them lessons in music. The happy result of his experiments made him feel anxious to have a better accommodation for his school; and having persuaded each family in Dormilleuse to furnish a man to work under his directions, the good Pastor undertook to build a school-room, which was speedily completed. His crowning work was the institution of a normal (or model) school for training adults to become teachers. It was the most difficult and irksome, but the most important of all his labours. And it was his last; for, the unremitted attention which it required, added to the severity of the winter of 1826, 7, broke up his shattered constitution. He has left an interesting record of the motives which induced him to undertake this drudgery, and of the difficulties he had to surmount. Dormilleuse was the spot which he chose for his scene

of action, on account of its seclusion, and because its whole population was Protestant; and he had sufficient influence to induce those who offered themselves as students, to commit themselves to a five-months' rigid confinement within a prison-house walled up with ice and snow.

'Nothing can be compared', remarks Mr. Gilly, 'to the resolution and self-denial of the volunteers who enrolled their names under Neff for this service, but the similar qualities which were called into action by our gallant officers and seamen who embarked in the polar expeditions, with the certainty before them of being snowed or iced up during many months of privation. In their case, the hope of promotion and of reputation, and the ardour of scientific research, were the moving inducement. In that of the pastor and his young friends, a sense of duty, and thoughts fixed on heavenly things, constituted the impulse. To Neff himself, it was a season of incessant toil, and that of the most irksome kind. He did violence to his natural inclination every way. His mind and body were kept in subjection. He was devoted to his profession, as a minister and preacher of the Gospel; and yet he suspended the pursuits which were more congenial to his tastes and habits, and went back to first principles, and consented to teach the simplest rudiments, and meekly sunk down to the practice of the humblest elementary drudgery, when he saw the necessity of laying a foundation for a system of instruction different to that which had hitherto prevailed in this neglected region. His patience, his humility, his good-humour and perseverance, his numberless expedients to expand the intellect of his pupils, to store their minds, and to keep up a good understanding among them, are all subjects of admiration, which it is beyond the power of language to express.' pp. 262, 3.

'The young men who submitted to their pastor's system of discipline at Dormilleuse, must have their share also of our admiration. We cannot but feel respect for students who willingly shut themselves up amidst the most comfortless scenes in nature, and submitted to the severity of not less than fourteen hours of hard study a day, where the only recreation was to go from dryer lessons to lectures in geography and music. It was a long probation of hardship. Their fare was in strict accordance with the rest of their situation. It consisted of a store of salted meat, and rye bread, which had been baked in autumn, and when they came to use it, was so hard, that it required to be chopped up with hatchets, and to be moistened with hot water. Meal and flour will not keep in this mountain atmosphere, but would become mouldy;—they are, therefore, obliged to bake it soon after the corn is threshed out. Our youthful anchorites were lodged gratuitously by the people of Dormilleuse, who also liberally supplied them with wood for fuel, scarce as it was; but if the pastor had not laid in a stock of provisions, the scanty resources of the village could not have met the demands of so many mouths, in addition to its native population. The party consisted of five from Val Queyras, one from Vars, five from Champsaur, two from Chancelas, four from the lower part of the valley of Fressinière, and eight from the immediate neighbourhood of Dormilleuse.

‘Neff had the satisfaction to find that his plan answered well, and this was reward enough. “I never”, said he, “can be sufficiently thankful to Almighty God for the blessing which he has vouchsafed to shed upon this undertaking, and for the strength he has given me to enable me to bear the fatigue of it. Oh! may he continue to extend his gracious protection, and to support me under my infirmities, or rather, to deliver me from them, that I may be able to devote myself to his service and glory, to my life’s end!”’ pp. 264, 5.

Among other novel studies to which Neff introduced his pupils, was Geography. This was made a matter of recreation after dinner, and they pored over the maps with a feeling of delight and amusement which was quite new to them. The remark which he makes on the *moral* influence of such studies, deserves attention. We have long been persuaded that the ignorance that prevails in Christian congregations upon such topics, is very unfavourable to an intelligent zeal for the spread of the Gospel, or a sympathy with Missionary exertions.

“Up to this time, I had been astonished by the little interest they took, Christian-minded as they were, in the subject of Christian missions. But, when they began to have some idea of geography, I discovered that their former ignorance of this science, and of the very existence of many foreign nations in distant quarters of the globe, was the cause of such indifference. As soon as they began to learn who the people are, who require to have the Gospel preached to them, and in what part of the globe they dwell, they felt the same concern for the circulation of the Gospel that other Christians entertain. These new acquirements, in fact, enlarged their spirit, made new creatures of them, and seemed to triple their very existence.”’ p. 259.

Poor as the district was, Neff was successful in raising some small contributions in aid of religious societies. He understood too well the beneficial influence of a sympathetic concern in the religious interests of others, to neglect to encourage it in his little flock; and though the sum raised was very small, he had the gratification of being able to inform the committees of the Bible Society and the Missionary Society, ‘that such feeble support as they could render to the cause, was cheerfully proffered by the ‘shepherds and goatherds of the High Alps.’ In concert with the principal inhabitants of the Protestant hamlets, he organized a Bible Association, by means of which every family was enabled to become possessed of a copy of the Scriptures.

Some very interesting details are given of Neff’s method of dealing with the Roman Catholics of his parish. The priests had the mortification to see many of their respective flocks become proselytes to the Protestant teacher; yet it was some time before they resented his exertions; and even then, his meekness and conciliatory deportment took the sting out of their indignation. What might not a few such men do for poor Ireland!



The winter of 1825, followed by the cold spring of 1826, had shaken Neff's constitution; and an accidental sprain of his knee contributed to weaken his frame. He struggled pretty well through the summer; but, during the winter of 1826, 7, his strength rapidly diminished, and he became conscious that it was time to seek for medical succour, and to submit to a removal to his native climate. On the 17th of April, 1827, he took a final farewell of his presbytery at La Chalp. On his arrival at Geneva, his native air produced a temporary improvement; but in a short time, the symptoms of his malady returned with aggravated violence, and he found himself unable to digest any solid food. For a whole year, his only nourishment was milk. In June 1828, he was advised by his physicians to try the effect of the baths of Plombières, which seemed at first to be beneficial; but it soon became evident that nothing could arrest the progress of his disorder. His last days were worthy of his life. Having returned to Geneva, he lingered in extreme weakness and suffering till the 12th of April, 1829, when, at the early age of thirty-one, he entered into the joy of his Lord. His last letter, traced at intervals, when he was almost blind, a few days before his death, is exquisitely touching and apostolic.

“ Adieu, dear friend, André Blanc, Antoine Blanc, all my friends the Pelissiers, whom I love tenderly; Francis Dumont and his wife; Isaac and his wife; beloved Deslois, Emilie Bonnet, &c. &c.; Alexandrine and her mother; all, all the brethren and sisters of Mens, adieu, adieu. I ascend to Our Father in entire peace! Victory! victory! victory! through Jesus Christ.  
FELIX NEFF.”

During his residence at Geneva, Neff composed a number of religious meditations, which have been printed, and are held in deserved estimation throughout Switzerland\*. His character was every way highly extraordinary. Rarely, indeed, have so much ardour and zeal, so much vivacity and warmth, been tempered, directed, and enhanced by so much practical wisdom, meekness, and unaffected humility. His singular freedom from any ambitious views, his striking disinterestedness and singleness of purpose, were in him the fruit, not of natural disposition, but of the triumphant ascendancy of principles peculiar to the faith he had embraced. It is ascribed to his extreme humility, but indicated rather his entire sincerity, that he ‘even regarded his own energy and activity as something that partook of the nature of sin; as being an obstacle in the way of his more frequent communion with God; as distracting his thoughts from himself

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\* They are stated to have gone through several editions. Cong. Mag. April, 1832, p. 200. It is singular that Mr. Gilly should not have become acquainted with this fact. He appears not to have met with the work.

‘and those secret contemplations which are needful for the individual.’

‘He was fully sensible, that an active spirit, and an affectionate concern for the temporal and spiritual concern of others, are qualities excellent in themselves, and indispensable for the good of the Christian commonwealth, and for the extension of Christ’s kingdom ; but, in his own case, he was afraid that they absorbed other qualities. He knew that it was not the establishment of schools, the conducting of missions, or the preaching to others, which of themselves constitute the life of the soul : on the contrary, that the strenuous pursuit of great usefulness, often becomes a snare and a pitfall and a covering under which pride lurks. And he felt, with the Apostle, the necessity of bringing himself under subjection, lest, when he had preached to others, he himself might become a cast-away. It was under the influence of this feeling, that he was inclined to set small value upon his own labours.

‘No man,’ continues Mr. Gilly, in portraying his character, ‘ever preached, or insisted upon the main and essential doctrinal points of the Gospel more strongly than he did ; these were put prominently forward in all his sermons, in his conversations, in his correspondence, and in his private diaries ; but at the same time he exacted attention to the ordinary duties of life, with all the strenuousness of one who would admit of no compromise. It was his anxiety to build up the Christian on a foundation where self-dependence, vain-glory, and imaginary merit, were to have no place whatever ; and yet every act of his ministry proved that he set a just value on knowledge and attainments. It was his labour of love to show, that whenever any addition is made to our stock of knowledge, we not only gain something in the way of enjoyment, but are laying up a store for the improvement of our moral and religious feelings, and of our general habits of industry. The spiritual advancement of his flock was the great end and object of all his toils ; but no man ever took a warmer interest in the temporal comforts of those about him ; and this he evinced by instructing them in the management of their fields and gardens, in the construction of their cottages, and in employing all his own acquirements in philosophy and science for the melioration of their condition. He was not only the apostle, but, as somebody said of Oberlin, “he was also the Triptolemus” of the High Alps.

‘To discharge the proper duties of a preacher of the Gospel, was a vehement desire with Neff, strong as a passion ; his heart and soul were in them ; yet he often left this walk, so glorious in his eyes, to follow another track, and to point out those things to the notice of his people, which related to their worldly conveniences. It was his high and lofty ambition, to elevate their thoughts and hopes to the noblest objects to which immortal beings can aspire, and to raise the standard, until they should reach to the fulness of the stature of Christ : and yet he so condescended to things of low estate, as to become a teacher of a, b, c, not only to ignorant infancy, but to the dull and unpliant capacities of adults. Beginning with the most tiresome rudiments, he proceeded upwards, leading on his scholars methodically, kindly, and patiently, until he had made them proficient in reading, writing, and

arithmetic, and could lead them into the pleasanter paths of music, geography, history, and astronomy. His mind was too enlarged to fear that he should be teaching his peasant boys too much. It was his aim to show what a variety of enjoyments may be extracted out of knowledge, and that even the shepherd and the goatherd of the mountain side, will be all the happier and the better for every piece of solid information that he can acquire.

‘Neff was a man of the most ardent and elastic zeal, else he never could have dedicated himself so entirely to the work of a missionary pastor in a foreign country: yet he brought the good sense of a masculine understanding to bear upon all his religious projects: he exercised a degree of prudence seldom witnessed in conjunction with such ardour, and he was constantly checking the ebullitions of his spirit, and tempering his zeal with salutary prudence. The nicest discretion, and the most judicious caution, distinguished his proceedings. This was especially manifested in the selection and training of his catechists. He knew that a few young men, well prepared, would do more good among their countrymen, than a host of undisciplined enthusiasts and ill-taught novices.

‘The broad distinctions and uncompromising truths of Protestantism were matters of awful sanctity with Neff; and yet, though he was the pastor of a flock opposed to Popery by all the strong prejudices of hereditary separation, I might almost say of deep-rooted aversion, yet with dogmatical and polemical Protestantism he would have nothing to do. He made numberless converts from Romanism, not so much by argument and discussion, as by mildly inculcating the true spirit of the Gospel; not by dwelling on topics of strife, and on points of difference, but on points of universal agreement, and by exhibiting our common Christianity in its most persuasive form, until their hearts melted before the One Mediator and Intercessor, and they said, Your God shall be our God, and your creed shall be our creed.

‘He was rigid in his notions of Christian deportment; yet there was a meekness, and a kindness of manner about him, which conciliated all, and convinced them that he had their best interests at heart; so much so, that perhaps no man was ever more revered and loved.’

pp. 311—14.

A most instructive passage occurs in one of Neff's letters, in reference to the proper way of dealing with Roman Catholics. While he was confined to his bed at Plombières, he received several visits from one of the curés, and from some young Romish ecclesiastics. ‘Had they come for controversy’, says this admirable man, ‘I should not have been able to receive them; but they carefully avoided every thing that could fatigue me, and even listened willingly to the few words I addressed to them. They were surprised to hear a Protestant speak of the conversion of the heart and of spiritual life in the same terms as some of their most eminent divines.’ Most of their prejudices, he adds, proceed from their ignorance of all that concerns true Protestantism; ‘and they are half disarmed when we speak to them,



‘ without any argument, of that which constitutes the life, the strength, and the peace of the soul.’

We cannot lay down the Volume without again tendering our best thanks to the Author of this very interesting memoir, whose piety, candour, and benevolence are unobtrusively, but unequivocally evinced in its pages. To have selected such a subject, does honour to the Biographer; and no one could do justice to the character of such a man as Felix Neff, without becoming in some degree assimilated in feeling to the subject of his portraiture.

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Art. III. *The Buccaneer.* A Tale. In three Volumes. pp. 966.  
Price 1l. 11s. 6d. London, 1832.

WE presume that the name of the Author, though not announced on the title-page, is no secret. Yet, had we not been informed upon the best authority, that this tale is the production of a deservedly popular female writer, we confess that we should not have detected the pen of Mrs. Hall. There is a masculine vigour and breadth of style, a dramatic force of conception in the characters, and a range of imagination, not displayed in any of her former writings, and very rarely exhibited by any female author. The power of mind exerted in realizing and depicting scenes with which the writer cannot by possibility have been familiarized, except by the writings of others, is indeed extraordinary. If, in these volumes, Mrs. Hall must be considered as an imitator, it is a pupil's imitation of his master, which does honour to both. In the bold track which Scott first opened, it required almost equal courage and tact to follow. There is much in these volumes that reminds us of the great departed magician, though nothing that can be regarded as servilely borrowed; and we might almost fancy that he had lent his wand, although it is no longer the same arm that wields it. The hand is slighter, yet not feeble; and if there is not the same force of muscle, there is the strength of excitement. But, in stepping into this magic circle, a female writer of necessity treads dangerous ground. She is required to lay aside as it were the costume of her sex, to assume a masculine voice, and to tread sometimes on the very verge of those proprieties which are the outworks of feminine delicacy. Such characters as the *Buccaneer* and his associates are rough subjects for a lady's pencil; though bandits, outlaws, and corsairs are very picturesque personages, and have found favour in the eyes of at least the ladies of romance. Mrs. Hall has, upon the whole, acquitted herself in this false position with as few violations of moral decorum as the case would admit of; but, in those parts of the story and dialogue in which such wild and coarse personages are introduced, it is more by what they

do not say, than by what they do, that we gather that they are under the restraints imposed by a lady's presence. There is much less swearing and profane vulgarism than would be perfectly natural, in the conversation of such worthies, or than we should expect to meet with in a tale of a buccaneer; and we give the Author credit for a wish to keep her pages as clear as might be deemed expedient from such dis-embellishments; but there is quite enough to preclude our bestowing unqualified praise, or indiscriminately recommending the volumes to perusal.

In fact, in meddling with such works, we feel to be almost compromising our grave judicial character. They are a contraband literature, which it is in vain to attempt to prohibit, but which at the same time it is not our business to encourage. In perusing works of this class, we too often find ourselves forced to admire what we cannot approve; pleased, interested, fascinated by the perusal, and dissatisfied with ourselves on reflecting what has so much pleased us. Yet, they form too prominent and characteristic a feature of our literature to be passed over; and the amount of talent and genius lavished upon this class of productions, is indeed astonishing. In no other department, perhaps, is the literature of the day so fertile of talent. Whatever else does not sell, or fails to obtain readers, tales and stories find a market always open and a perpetual demand. And writers are not altogether to be blamed, who, finding that such fancy-works alone ensure a sale, strike into this line of composition. It is well when they can be rendered subservient to useful instruction; but it is more safe to class them under the head of Amusement, since their efficiency as instruments of mental or moral training is very indirect and limited. The tendency of a tale does not lie in its 'moral', but in the company and associations to which the story introduces the reader, in the scenes described and the sentiments suggested in the progress of the tale.

Tried by this standard, we regret that we cannot award much commendation to the work before us. The characters of Dalton, Burrell, Springall, Roupall, and Fleetword may carry a lesson with them; but better by far that that lesson should never be learned from familiarity with such characters, even in imagination. Against the introduction of such a personage as Fleetword, we more especially and strongly object, for reasons of which the Author must be well aware. It is merely because we acquit her of any irreligious *intention*, that we refrain from employing stronger terms of reprobation. The example of the Author of "Tales of my Landlord", is no apology. Nor can we allow any force in the plea, that such ideal characters have an historic verity, and are true to the costume of the age. That obsolete costume, it must be remembered, was not at the time so ridiculous as it now appears; and the selection of such a character can have no other

effect, than to cast ridicule upon the class. There have been Tartuffes, and Mawworms, and Mucklewraths; but this supplies no extenuation of the unfairness and reckless impiety which brings them upon the stage.

The majority of Mrs. Hall's readers will not trouble themselves with considerations of this nature; and from them, she will hear, and deservedly as regards the talent she has displayed, the plaudits of success. We have no wish to mingle with them a harsher note; and having cautioned our readers against mistaking our critical testimony to the literary merit of her performance for unqualified commendation, we shall proceed to give some further account of its subject-matter and execution.

The following dialogue will introduce our readers to the *Buccaneer* and one of the principal personages in the tale, and will indicate the basis of the plot.

'Sir Robert Cecil was standing, or rather leaning, with folded arms, against a column of the dark marble chimney-piece, which, enriched by various carvings and mouldings, rose nearly to the ceiling. The Baronet's hair, of mingled grey and black, had been cropped according to the approved fashion of the time; so that his features had not the advantage of either shadow or relief from the most beautiful of nature's ornaments. He might have been a few years older or younger than the sailor who had just entered; but his figure seemed weak and bending as a willow-wand, as he moved slowly round to receive his visiter. The usually polite expression of his countenance deepened into the insidious, and a faint smile rested for a moment on his lip. This outward show of welcome contrasted strangely with the visible tremor that agitated his frame: he did not speak; either from inability to coin an appropriate sentence, or the more subtle motive of waiting until the communication of the stranger was first made.

'After a lengthened pause, during which Dalton slowly advanced, so as to stand opposite Sir Robert Cecil, he commenced the conversation, without any of that show of courtesy which the knowledge of their relative situations might have called for: even his cap was unmoved.

"I am sorry, Sir Robert, to have come at such a time; nor would I now remain, were it not that my business——"

"I am not aware," interrupted the Baronet, "of any matters of 'business' pending between us. I imagine, on reflection, you will find that all such have been long since concluded. If there is any way, indeed, in which I can oblige you, for the sake of an old servant——"

"*Servant!*" in his turn interrupted Dalton, with emphasis; "we have been companions, Sir Robert—*companions* in more than one act; and, by the dark heavens above us, will be so in another—if necessary."

'The haughty Baronet writhed under this familiarity; yet was there an expression of triumphant quietude in his eye, as if he despised the insinuation of the seaman. "I think, considering all



things, you have been pretty well paid for such acts, Master Dalton; I have never taken any man's labour for nothing."

"Labour!" again echoed the sailor; "labour may be paid for, but what can stand in lieu of innocence, purity of heart, and rectitude of conduct?"

"Gold—which you have had, in all its gorgeous and glowing abundance."

"'Twon't do," retorted the other, in a painfully subdued tone; "there is much it cannot purchase. Am I not at this moment a banned and a blighted man—scouted alike from the board of the profligate Cavalier, and the psalm-singing Puritan of this most change-loving country? And one day or another, I may be hung up at the yard-arm of a Commonwealth—Heaven bless the mark!—a Commonwealth cruiser!—or scare crows from a gibbet off Sheerness or Queenborough; or be made an example of for some act of piracy committed on the high seas!"

"But why commit such acts? You have wherewithal to live respectably—quietly."

"Quietly!" repeated the Skipper; "look ye, Master—I crave your pardon—Sir Robert Cecil; as soon could one of Mother Carey's chickens mount a hen-roost, or bring up a brood of lubberly turkeys, as I, Hugh Dalton, master and owner of the good brigantine, that sits the waters like a swan, and cuts them like an arrow—live quietly, quietly on shore! Santa Maria! have I not panted under the hot sun of the Caribbees? Have I not closed my ears to the cry of mercy? Have I not sacked, and sunk, and burnt without acknowledging claim or country? Has not the mother clasped her child more closely to her bosom at the mention of my name? In one word, for years have I not been a BUCCANEER? And yet you talk to me of quietness!—Sir, Sir, the soul so steeped in sin has but two resources—madness, or the grave: the last even I shrink from; so give me war, war, and its insanity."

"Cannot you learn to fear the Lord, and trade as an honest man?"

Dalton cast a look of such mingled scorn and contempt on his companion, that a deep red colour mounted to his cheek as he repeated, "Yes! I ask, cannot you trade as an honest man?"

"No! d——n trade: and I'm *not* honest," he replied fiercely.

"May I beg you briefly to explain the object of your visit?" said the Baronet at last, after a perplexing pause, during which the arms of the Buccaneer were folded on his breast, and his restless and vigilant eyes wandered round the apartment, flashing with an indefinable expression when they encountered the blue retreating orbs of Sir Robert.

"This, then: I require a free pardon from Old Noll, not only for myself, but for my crew. The brave who would have died, shall live with me. As a return for his Highness's civility, I will give up all free trade, and take the command of a frigate, if it so please him."

"One word more. The Protector's plans render it impracticable for me to continue as I have done on the seas. I know that I am a

marked man, and unless something be determined on, and speedily, I shall be exposed to that ignominy which, for my child's sake, I would avoid. Don't talk to me of impossibilities: you can obtain the pardon I desire; and, in one word, Sir Robert Cecil, you must!"

'Sir Robert shook his head.

' "At your pleasure, then, at your pleasure; but at your peril also. Mark me! I am not one to be thrown overboard and make no struggle. I am not a baby to be strangled without crying. If I perish, facts shall arise from my grave,—ay, if I were sunk a thousand fathoms in my own blue sea,—facts that would—— You may well tremble and turn pale! The secret is still in our keeping. Only remember, I fall not singly." '—Vol. I. pp. 22—29.

The next chapter introduces us to a death-bed scene, which is touchingly described. Before she expires, Lady Cecil extorts from Sir Robert a promise, that he will not compel their daughter Constance, the heroine of the tale, to wed Sir Willmott Burrell, to whom she has been in early life contracted. Cecil Place, the scene of these transactions, is picturesquely described.

'It was situated on the slope of the hill, leading to the old monastery of Minster. Although nothing now exists except the church, a few broken walls, and a modernized house, formed out of one of the principal entrances to what was once an extensive range of monastic buildings; yet, at the time of which we treat, the ruins of the nunnery, founded by Sexburga, the widow of Ercombert, king of Kent, extended down the rising ground, presenting many picturesque points of view from the small but highly-cultivated pleasure-grounds of Cecil Place. Nothing could be more beautiful than the prospect from a rude terrace which had been the favourite walk of Lady Cecil. The small luxuriant hills, folding one over the other, and terminating in the most exquisite valleys and bosky glades that the imagination can conceive—the rich mixture of pasture and meadow land—the Downs, stretching to King's Ferry, whitened by thousands of sheep, whose bleating and whose bells made the isle musical,—while beyond, the narrow Swale, widening into the open sea, shone like a silver girdle in the rays of the glorious sun,—were objects indeed delightful to gaze upon.

'Although, during the Protectorate, some pains had been taken to render Sheerness, then a very inconsiderable village, a place of strength and safety, and the ancient castle of Queenborough had been pulled down by the Parliamentarians, as deficient in strength and utility, no one visiting only the southern and western parts of the island could for a moment imagine that the interior contained spots of such positive and cultivated beauty.

'It was yet early, when Constantia Cecil, accompanied by a female friend, entered her favourite flower-garden by a private door, and strolled towards a small Gothic temple overshadowed by wide-spreading oaks, which, sheltered by the surrounding hills, had numbered more than a century of unscathed and undiminished beauty, and had as yet escaped the rude pruning of the woodman's axe. The morning habit of the noble Constance fitted tightly to the throat, where it was



terminated by a full ruff of starched muslin ; and the waist was encircled by a wide band of black crape, from which the drapery descended in massive folds to her feet. She pressed the soft green turf with a more measured step than was her wont, as if the body shared the mind's sad heaviness. Her head was uncovered, save that, as she passed into the garden, she had carelessly thrown on a veil of black muslin, through which her bright hair shone with the lustre and richness of the finest satin : her throat and forehead appeared most daz- zlingly white in contrast with her sable dress.

'The lady by whom she was accompanied, was not so tall, and of a much slighter form ; her limbs delicately moulded, and her features more attractive than beautiful. There was that about her whole de- meanour which is expressively termed coquetry, not the coquetry of action, but of feeling : her eyes were dark and brilliant, her mouth full and pouting ; and the nose was only saved from vulgarity by that turn, to describe which we are compelled to use a foreign term—it was *un peu retroussé* : her complexion was of a clear olive, through which the blood glowed warmly whenever called to her cheek by any par- ticular emotion. The dress she wore, without being gay, was costly : the full skirt of crimson grogram descended not so low as to prevent her small and beautifully turned ancles from being distinctly seen, and the cardinal of wrought purple velvet, which had been hastily flung over her shoulders, was lined and bordered with the finest ermine. Nor did the contrast between the ladies end here : the full and rich- toned voice of Constance Cecil was the perfection of harmony, while the light and gay speech of her companion might be called melody—the sweet playful melody of an untaught bird.'—Vol. I. pp. 77—80.

This last personage is Lady Frances Cromwell, the Protector's youngest daughter, afterwards Lady Rich, to whom Prince Charles (afterwards Charles II.) is reported to have offered his royal hand. Her character, warm, impetuous, gay, and affectionate, is well conceived, and serves as a side light to the sombre parts of the story. The Sir Willmott Burrell to whom Constance has been contracted, is a villain of the deepest grain and of ruined fortune, who, to escape from his embarrassments, is anxious to press his marriage with the heiress of the house of Cecil. Having got possession of Sir Robert's secret, his guilty implication in the murder of his elder brother, the crafty villain first makes use of it to work upon the father's fears, and then, by disclosing the horrible fact to Constance, wrings from her eventually a promise to become his bride within a week, as the only security of her father's honour. The interview between Sir Robert and his daughter, in which the latter obtains the dreadful confirmation of the charge, is very touchingly—we cannot say whether it is naturally de- scribed. At this juncture, the friend and companion of her youth, after a long and mysterious absence from his native country, re- appears under a disguised name ;—becomes a visiter at Cecil Place ;—is recognized by Constance, though by her alone ;—and receives at the same time the assurance of her regard, and the in-



timation of her approaching miserable nuptials. By the time we reach the end of the first volume, the plot becomes too thickly interwoven for us to be able, without entering too much into details, to give an outline of the story. A certain ambiguous Major Wellmore becomes a very prominent actor in the ensuing scenes ; and his ubiquitous movements, mysterious influence, and imposing air keep wonder and curiosity alive, till the reader begins to suspect his real station. Actuated by the warm interest he takes in the welfare of Constance, and suspecting foul play in the conduct of Burrell, he takes effectual measures to defeat his plans. Burrell, however, has succeeded in dragging his intended bride to the altar, in spite of the strong indications of incipient insanity in poor Sir Robert, the effects of too powerful and maddening excitement ; and Constance is ready, but habited in deep mourning ; —notwithstanding which, the ceremony has commenced, when some interruption is occasioned by Sir Robert's insisting that Constance's maid Barbara, who is dressed in white, must be the lady bride ; and amid the confusion, a pistol is fired by an intruder, intended for the real bride, but which Barbara receives. The assassin is a beautiful Jewess, whom Burrell has married while abroad, and deserted, and who thus seeks to revenge herself upon her innocent rival. At this moment, a detachment of horse arrive, with orders to conduct Sir Willmott a prisoner to Hampton Court. Barbara, though supposed to be mortally wounded, is carried off by her father, the Buccaneer, who has been on the watch. In the mean time, the father of the Jewess, a learned Rabbi favoured by Cromwell, has followed his daughter to England, supposing her to have fled with her seducer ; and having discovered Burrell's treachery, he applies for redress to the Protector. Mrs. Hall has bestowed great care and skill upon the portrait of that extraordinary man. The Robin referred to in the following peep into the Presence-chamber, has attended Manasseh Ben Israel as his servant. He is, in fact, one of the Buccaneer's party, and plays an important part in the story.

‘ It was impossible to look upon him without feeling that he was a man born to command and to overthrow. His countenance, though swollen and reddish, was marked and powerful, and his presence as lofty and majestic as if he had of right inherited the throne of England. However his enemies might have jested upon his personal appearance, and mocked the ruddiness of his countenance, and the unseemly wart that disfigured his broad, lofty, and projecting brow, they must have all trembled under the thunder of his frown : it was terrific, dark, and scowling, lighted up occasionally by the flashing of his fierce grey eye, but only so as to show its power still the more. His dress consisted of a doublet and vest of black velvet, carefully put on, and of a handsome fashion ; a deep collar of the finest linen, embroidered and edged with lace, turned over his vest, and displayed to great advantage his firm and remarkably muscular throat. His

hair, which seemed by that light as dark and luxuriant as it had been in his younger age, fell at either side, but was completely combed or pushed off his massive forehead. He looked, in very truth, a most strong man—strong in mind, strong in body, strong in battle, strong in council. There was no weakness about him, except that engendered by a warm imagination acting in concert with the deepest veneration, and which rendered him ever and unhappily prone to superstitious dreamings.

‘ When Robin entered, there was no one in the room but the Lord Broghill, Manasseh Ben Israel, and a little girl. My Lord Broghill, who was one of the Protector’s cabinet counsellors, had been sent for from Ireland to go to Scotland, and be President of the Council there; but soon wearying of the place, had just returned to London, and posted down immediately to Hampton Court:—he was bidding the Protector good night, and that with much servility. The presence of Robin was yet unnoticed, save by the Jew. Before his Lordship had left the chamber, even as his foot was on the threshold, Cromwell called him back.

‘ “ My Lord Broghill.”

‘ The cabinet counsellor bowed and returned.

‘ “ I forgot to mention, there is a great friend of yours in London.”

‘ “ Indeed! Please your Highness, who is it? ”

‘ “ My Lord of Ormond,” replied the Protector. “ He came to town on Wednesday last, about three of the clock, upon a small grey mule, and wearing a brown but ill-made and shabby doublet. He lodges at White Friars, number—something or other; but you, my Lord,” he added, pointedly, “ will have no difficulty in finding him out.”

‘ “ I call the Lord to witness,” said Broghill, casting up his eyes after the most approved Puritan fashion, “ I call the Lord to witness, I know nothing of it! ”

‘ Cromwell gathered his eyebrows, and looked upon him for a moment with a look which made the proud Lord tremble; then sending forth a species of hissing noise from between his teeth, sounding like a prolonged hish—h—h—h. “ Nevertheless, I think you may as well tell him that I know it. Good night, my Lord, good night! ”

Vol. II. pp. 256—258.

In a subsequent chapter, the fair Novelist ventures upon an historical essay on the Protector’s character, in which is shewn a great deal of candid discrimination.

‘ His Court was a rare example of irreproachable conduct, from which all debauchery and immorality were banished; while, such was his deep and intimate, though mysterious acquaintance with every occurrence throughout the Commonwealth, its subjects had the certainty of knowing that, sooner or later, whatever crimes they committed would of a surety reach the ear of the Protector. His natural abilities must always have been of the highest order, though in the early part of his career he discovered none of those extraordinary talents that afterwards gained him so much applause, and worked so upon the



affections of the hearers and standers by. His mind may be compared to one of those valuable manuscripts that had long been rolled up and kept hidden from vulgar eyes, but which exhibits some new proof of wisdom at each unfolding. It has been well said by a philosopher, whose equal the world has not known since his day, "that a place showeth the man." Of a certainty Cromwell had no sooner possessed the opportunity so to do, than he showed to the whole world that he was destined to govern. "Some men achieve greatness, some men are born to greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." With Cromwell, greatness was achieved. He was the architect of his own fortunes, owing little to, what is called, "chance," less to patronage, and still less to crime, if we except the one sad blot upon the page of his own history, as connected with that of his country. There appears in his character but a small portion of that which is evil, blended with much that is undoubtedly good. Although his public speeches were, for the most part, ambiguous—leaving others to pick out his meaning—or, more frequently still, having no meaning to pick out—being words, words, words—strung of mouldy sentences, Scriptural phrases, foolish exclamations, and such like; yet, when necessary, he showed that he could sufficiently command his style, delivering himself with so much energy, pith, propriety, and strength of expression, that it was commonly said of him under such circumstances, "every word he spoke was a thing." But the strongest indication of his vast abilities was, the extraordinary tact with which he entered into, dissected, and scrutinized the nature of human kind. No man ever dived into the manners and minds of those around him with greater penetration, or more rapidly discovered their natural talents and tempers. If he chanced to hear of a person fit for his purpose, whether as a minister, a soldier, an artizan, a preacher, or a spy,—no matter how previously obscure, he sent for him forthwith, and employed him in the way in which he could be made most useful, and answer best the purpose of his employer. Upon this most admirable system, (a system in which, unhappily, he has had but few imitators among modern statesmen,) depended in a great degree his success. His devotion has been sneered at; but it has never been proved to have been insincere. With how much more show of justice may we consider it to have been founded upon a solid and upright basis, when we recollect that his whole outward deportment spoke its truth. Those who decry him as a fanatic, ought to bethink themselves that religion was the chivalry of the age in which he lived. Had Cromwell been born a few centuries earlier, he would have headed the Crusades, with as much bravery, and far better results, than our noble-hearted, but wrong-headed "*Cœur de Lion*." It was no great compliment that was passed on him by the French minister, when he called the Protector "the first captain of the age." His courage and conduct in the field were undoubtedly admirable: he had a dignity of soul which the greatest dangers and difficulties rather animated than discouraged, and his discipline and government of the army, in all respects, was the wonder of the world. It was no diminution of this part of his character, that he was wary in his conduct, and that, after he was declared Protector, he wore a coat-



of-mail concealed beneath his dress. Less caution than he made use of, in the place he held, and surrounded as he was by secret and open enemies, would have deserved the name of negligence. As to his political sincerity, which many think had nothing to do with his religious opinions, he was, to the full, as honest as the first or second Charles.

‘Of a truth, that same sincerity, it would appear, is no kingly virtue! Cromwell loved justice as he loved his own life, and wherever he was compelled to be arbitrary, it was only where his authority was controverted, which, as things then were, it was not only right to establish for his own sake, but for the peace and security of the country over whose proud destinies he had been called to govern. “The dignity of the crown,” to quote his own words, “was upon the account of the nation, of which the king was only the representative head, and therefore, the nation being still the same, he would have the same respect paid to his ministers as if he had been a king.” England ought to write the name of Cromwell in letters of gold, when she remembers that, within a space of four or five years, he avenged all the insults that had been lavishly flung upon her by every country in Europe throughout a long, disastrous, and most perplexing civil war. Gloriously did he retrieve the credit that had been mouldering and decaying during two weak and discreditable reigns of nearly fifty years’ continuance—gloriously did he establish and extend his country’s authority and influence in remote nations—gloriously acquire the real mastery of the British Channel—gloriously send forth fleets that went and conquered, and never sullied the union-flag by an act of dishonour or dissimulation!

‘Not a single Briton, during the Protectorate, but could demand and receive either reparation or revenge for injury, whether it came from France, from Spain, from any open foe or treacherous ally;—not an oppressed foreigner claimed his protection but it was immediately and effectually granted. Were things to be compared to this in the reign of either Charles?’ Vol. III. pp. 19—24.

In the presence of Cromwell, Burrell is confronted with the Rabbi; and the Protector’s skilful examination of the parties is very happily conducted. The investigation is adjourned to Cecil Place; and there, according to dramatic rules, all the actors are brought together on the stage,—perhaps somewhat too dramatically. It is, however, all very cleverly managed. The issue is, that the Protector orders the ceremony of marriage to be repeated between Sir Willmott and the fair Jewess; while Constance is repaid for her sufferings and her filial heroism, by finding every obstacle removed to her union with her brave cousin Walter. For Burrell, however, a dreadful fate is reserved. He escapes from custody, and takes shelter in the Gull’s Nest, the secret haunt of the Buccaneers, which has been cleared out and deserted preparatory to its being blown up. At the approach of Cromwell’s troops, who come to search the place, the train is fired, and—

‘ In a moment, the report as of a thousand cannon thundered through the air ; and fragments of clay, rock, and shingle fell, thick as hail and heavy as millstones all around. Immediately after, a piercing cry for aid burst upon their ear, and spread over land and water. “ \* \* \* \* ” exclaimed Springall: “ it is not possible that any human creature could have been within the place ! ” And he stretched himself forward, and looked up to where the cry was uttered. The young man, whose locks were then light as the golden beams of the sun, and whose step was as free as that of the mountain-roe, lived to be very old, and his hair grew white, and his free step crippled, before death claimed his subject ; he was moreover one acquainted in after-years with much strife and toil, and earned honour, and wealth, and distinction ; but often has he declared that never had he witnessed any thing which so appalled his soul as the sight he beheld on that remembered morning. He seized Roupall’s arm with convulsive energy, and dragged him forward, heedless of the storm of clay and stones that was still pelting around them. Wherever the train had fired, the Crag had been thrown out ; and as there were but few combustibles within its holes, and the gay sunlight had shorn the flames of their brightness, the objects that struck the gaze of the lookers on, were the dark hollows vomiting forth columns of black and noisome smoke, streaked with a murky red.

‘ As the fire made its way according to the direction of the meandering powder, which Dalton himself had laid in case of surprise, the earth above reeled and shook, and sent forth groans, like those of troubled Nature, when a rude earthquake bursts asunder what the Almighty united with such matchless skill. The lower train that Springall fired had cast forth, amongst rocks and stones, the mass of clay in which was the loop-hole through which Fleetword had looked out upon the wide sea. Within the chasm thus created was the figure of a living man. He stood there with uplifted hands, lacking courage to advance ; for beneath, the wreathed smoke and dim hot fume of the consuming fire told him of certain death ; unable to retreat,—for the insidious flame had already destroyed the door which Roupall had failed to move, and danced, like a fiend at play with destruction, from rafter to rafter, and beam to beam, of the devoted place.

‘ “ Hah ! ” exclaimed the reckless rover, with a calmness which at the moment made his young companion upbraid him as the most merciless of human kind ; “ Hah ! I wonder how he got there ? I heard that somehow or other he was in limbo at Cecil Place ; he wanted to make an escape, I suppose, and so took to the old earth ! Ay, ay, look your last on the bright sun, that’s laughing at man and man’s doings—you’ll never mount to where it shines, I trow.”

‘ Sir Willmott Burrell—for Roupall had not been deceived either as to the identity of the person, or the motive which led him to seek refuge in the Gull’s Nest—had effected an almost miraculous escape, considering how closely he was guarded, a few hours before, and secreted himself in the very chamber where he had left poor Fleetword to starvation, little imagining that he was standing on the threshold of retributive justice ! He had caught at flight, even so far, as a sort of reprieve ; and was forming plans of future villainy, at the very moment

the train was fired. God have mercy on all sinners! it is fearful to be cut off without time for repentance. Sir Willmott had none. In the flower of manhood, with a vigorous body and a skilful mind, he had delighted in evil, and panted for the destruction of his fellows. His face, upon which the glare of the garish fire danced in derision of his agony, was distorted, and terrible to look upon: brief as was the space allotted to him, each moment seemed a year of torture. As the flames rose and encircled their victim, his cries were so dreadful, that Springall pressed his hands to his ears, and buried his face in the sand; but Roupall looked on to the last, thinking aloud his own rude, but energetic thoughts.

‘Cromwell had a curiosity to inspect the resort of the Buccaneers; and, perfectly unconscious of Sir Willmott’s escape, was petrified with horror and astonishment on seeing him under such appalling circumstances—the tumbling crags—the blazing fire—the dense smoke, mounting like pillars of blackness into the clear and happy morning-sky—and above all, the agonized, scorching figure of the wretched Knight, writhing in the last throes of mortal agony!

“‘The Lord have mercy on his soul!’ exclaimed Fleetword: “Pray, pray!” he continued, elevating his voice, and hoping, with a kindliness of feeling which Sir Willmott had little right to expect, that he might be instrumental in directing the wretched man’s attention to a future state. “Pray! death is before you, and you cannot wrestle with it! Pray! even at the eleventh hour! Pray!—and we will pray with you!”

‘The Preacher uncovered; the Protector and his soldiers stood also bareheaded on the cliff. But not upon the prayers of brave and honest soldiers was the spirit of active villainy and cowardly vice to ascend to the judgment-seat of the Almighty—before one word of supplication was spoken, a column of flame enwreathed the remaining portion of the crag—it was of such exceeding brightness that the soldiers blinked thereat; and when its glare was past, they looked upon a smouldering heap at the foot of the cliffs. It was the only monument of “the Gull’s Nest Crag;” and the half-consumed body of Sir Willmott Burrell was crushed beneath it.’ Vol. III. pp. 276—282.

This is vivid and powerful description; and the volumes abound with it. But the most remarkable and distinguishing feature of the story is, the dramatic skill with which the characters are conceived, developed, and grouped in picturesque combination and contrast. Indeed, in the rapidity of the action, the quick succession of incident, the well managed shifting of the scene, the acting, rather than narration of the story, it partakes of the character of a drama, as much as of a tale. From first to last, the interest is never suspended; there is no languor in the composition,—no prosing or spinning out of chapters. The female characters are portrayed with a *feminine* skill, the want of which is the most obvious defect in the Tales of the Author of Waverley. On the other hand, too much of woman is attributed to the rugged characters depicted in these volumes. There are other faults in



the story, but none, we think, of a very prominent character. Among those faults, we do not rank the various improbabilities comprised in the story; first, because real life is scarcely less full of improbabilities than romance, and secondly, because the art of the writer is often most happily displayed in throwing a plausible air over unlikely incidents, and in working them into the story, so as to make them seem probable. In a work of fiction, probabilities and improbabilities being equally *true*, the only difference between them consists in the degree of skill which is shewn in the introduction and management of them.

Many admirable sentiments occur in these volumes; and we are convinced that the Writer has meant to convey, in some instances, religious instruction; but where this is not a writer's *main* object, it is seldom either happily or efficiently accomplished. As a moral writer, we must place Mrs. Hall, if somewhat above her friend Miss Mitford, yet, much below Miss Jewsbury, although, in another way, she has displayed talents equal, at least, to both. We make this remark, not for the sake of comparison, but of distinction. Works of a totally different description are often confounded under a common name. The "Three Histories" of Miss Jewsbury are all truth, though a fiction. The *Buccaneer*, though containing a vein of historic and moral truth, is pure romance. The reader of Mrs. Hall's work cannot close the volumes without forming a very high estimate of the powers of the author. On reading Miss Jewsbury's tales, we are less struck with the genius than with the knowledge of the writer,—less with her power of describing, than with her skill in analysing. She brings before us, not scenes so much as things, and is more philosophical than dramatic. The female Writer of the day with whom Mrs. Hall may be most fairly compared, and whom she may be thought to have followed, is Miss Lawrance. The latter, in some fragments of a story contributed to "Friendship's Offering," has ventured upon the same historic ground, and indicated talents capable of producing greater things. Both ladies have given portraits of Cromwell and of Cromwell's still more illustrious Latin secretary; and our readers may compare with the extract given in our November Number (p. 452), the following portrait.

' Behold him as he sits, within the tapestried chamber at Hampton Court! 'Tis the same room in which the Protector sat last night; but how changed its aspect, just by the presence of that one man! How different is the feeling with which we regard men of great energy and men of great talent. Milton, blind—blind, powerless as to his actions, overwhelming in his genius, grasping all things and seeing into them, not with the eyes of flesh, but those of mind, altering the very atmosphere wherein we move, stilling the air that we may hear his oracles!

' The room is one of most curious fashion, and hung with the oldest

tapestry in England, lighted on either side by long and narrow windows, that are even now furnished as in the time of the old Cardinal who built them. On the low seat formed within the wall the Poet sat. Who would suffer a thought of the ambitious Wolsey or the sensual Henry to intrude where once they held gay revels and much minstrelsy in their most tyrant pastimes? Cromwell, the great Protector, even Cromwell is forgotten in the more glorious company of one both poor and blind! He sat, as we describe him, within the embrasure of the narrow window; the heat and brightness of the summer sun came full upon his head, the hair upon which was full and rich as ever, parted in the centre, and falling in waving curls quite to his shoulders; his eyes were fixed on vacancy, but their expression was as if communing with some secret spirit, enlivening thus his darkness; he seemed not old nor young, for the lines upon his face could not be considered wrinkles—tokens were they of care and thought—such care and such thought as Milton might know and feel. He was habited with extraordinary exactness; his linen of the finest quality, and his vest and doublet put on with an evident attention to even minute appearance. His hands of transparent whiteness were clasped, as if he were attending to some particular discourse; he was alone in that vast chamber,—yet not alone, for God was with him,—not in outward form, but in inward spirit. It was the Sabbath-day, and ever observed in the Protector's family with respect and reverence. The morning-meeting was over, and Cromwell in his closet, "wrestling," as he was wont to term it, "with sin." Silence reigned through all the courts—that due and reverend silence which betokens thoughtfulness, and attention to one of the Almighty's first commands—"Keep holy the sabbath-day," given when he ordained that man should rest from his labours in commemoration that he himself set an example of repose after calling the broad earth into existence and beauty. The poet sat but for a little time in that wide silence; yet who would not give a large portion of their every-day existence to have looked on him for those brief moments, moments which for their full feeling might play the part of years in our life's calendar? Blessed holy time!—when we can look on genius, and catch the gems that fall from its lips! Yet Milton spoke not,—he only looked; and still his looks were heavenward—turned towards that Heaven from whence they caught their inspiration. He heard the sound of coming footsteps, and loving quiet on that holy day, withdrew to his own chamber. How empty now appeared the tapestried hall! as when some great eclipse shuts to the golden portals of the sun, and steepes the earth in darkness!

Vol. III. pp. 32—35.

In the correct finishing of her portraits and pictures, Miss Lawrance, we think, excels. The graphic talent of Mrs. Hall is displayed in a bolder use of the pencil: if we may use the metaphor, she paints in oil. But we have said more than enough to intimate our opinion of the sort and degree of literary merit displayed in these volumes, and now leave our readers to frame the verdict.

Art. IV. *The Year of Liberation*: a Journal of the Defence of Ham-  
burgh against the French Army under Marshal Davoust in 1813:  
with Sketches of the Battles of Lutzen, Bautzen, &c. &c. In two  
Volumes. 12mo. pp. 656. Price 18s. London, 1832.

UNDER a title that does not seem to promise much, we have in these volumes a *melange* of the most brilliant and entertaining description. The ostensible subject, though an interesting episode of 'the war of liberation' would, in ordinary hands, have afforded scanty materials for a chapter; but give this Writer any subject, and it is evident that he could work it up into any prescribed form or number of volumes. At the touch of his pencil, the most common-place and unsightly objects become picturesque. He has the strange art of making an old story new, of imparting to the fresh coinage of his fancy the semblance of history, and of making veritable history seem half romance and half a joke. By help of scenic description, inexhaustible anecdote, portraiture of character, politics, battles, poetry, romance, the grave and the gay, the lively and the severe, he contrives to keep the attention in a state of constant and pleasureable excitement; so that, whatever be the road he chooses to travel, the reader thinks only of the pleasant company he finds himself in. He has endowed a mere incident with the opulence that would have sufficed to furnish out a whole history of the war. But the most remarkable feature of the work is, that, although the Writer's style is too vivacious to be sentimental, too sportive for grave philosophy, and you scarcely know when he is quite in earnest, there lies concealed beneath this off-hand, trifling manner of dealing with things, a depth of observation and a seriousness of opinion and purpose, which impart to some of his occasional observations an axiomatic force and practical value, redeeming both the book and its author from the class to which a superficial glance might have referred them. The charm of the work is its style, which sparkles with wit, or flashes with eloquence, from beginning to end; but the retrospect of events which the work comprises, is adapted to be at the present moment peculiarly instructive. We seem to be taken behind the scenes of the great drama, and are shewn the machinery of history.

The Author is quite serious in his Preface, which contains the moral of the tale. From this war, 'the great patriotic war of Germany', eminently rose, he remarks, 'the fearful supremacy of Russia, which now threatens all independence, and the not less fearful sense of popular power, which threatens all government; the embodying of the principles of despotism and democracy, at this hour arming for a conflict, which, whenever it arrives, may cover the world with dust and ashes.' Upon this



single sentence, we could hang a dissertation ; and at some future period, we may favour our readers with one ; but we must now pass on.

‘ The rising of the people of Hamburgh against the French was one of the most interesting incidents of the war. The present Writer has described it as he saw it ; with the opportunities of one on the spot, and the fresh impressions of the moment ; impressions heightened, rather than diminished, by the twenty years which have since been interposed. He has found no record of the transactions from the native pen ; and he has long felt an allowable anxiety that some memorial should exist of a public effort, which exhibited all the essential features of public virtue. The general aspect of German affairs at the time will be found occasionally observed.’

The first chapter introduces us to a groupe of characters on board the packet, sketched with a vigour and humour that just stop short of caricature, and make the week’s voyage, which lasts the chapter, not seem tedious. Heliogoland is the subject of Chapter II. ; and we must insert the graphic description of this singular outpost of the Continent.

‘ The North Sea was angry, and a whole wilderness of immense waves, topped with yellow, bilious-looking foam, rolled furiously towards the little half-drowned island which continually escaped from us, and seemed as if it were swimming away for its life. But, rough as the gale was, it was luckily in our favour. We were hurled along like the foam itself, and, in the course of a few hours, we were abreast of the beach. The scene there was a very curious and peculiar one. All seemed on the smallest scale, and might have been sketched for Gulliver’s first view of Lilliput. Heligoland is probably the smallest spot to which human life, adhesive as it is, ever thought of clinging. . . . Like every other nook of this over-travelled world, it has long since lost its ancient spell ; but it was then a novelty, and an extremely characteristic one. Paley should have put it into his chapter of “ Con- trivances.” It was impossible to look upon it without recognizing the original design of nature for the intercourse of nations ; the Plymouth Breakwater, or the Eddystone lighthouse, is not a clearer evidence of intention. Though it has stood from the creation or the deluge, a solitary point in the deep, the playground of the seamew and the porpoise for some thousand years, it was yet as obviously placed for the uses of human kind, when the low shores of Holstein and Hanover should be peopled, as if it had been piled by a Telford or a Rennie before our eyes. Standing about twenty-five miles from the mouth of the Elbe, it is seen at the exact distance sufficient for ships to make the land, without being entangled in the shoals which line the whole shore of Germany ; its very form is that of the pedestal of a light-house ; and many a storm-tost blaze must have flared from it to the squadrons with which Denmark and Sweden first paid such formidable visits to their more opulent neighbours of Germany and England.

‘ Its population, time out of mind, have been pilots ; and even in its

name of "Holy Island," there may be found some reference to the sailor's gratitude for his preservation. But things had now, in the American phrase, prodigiously progressed; for the pedestal was not merely topped with a huge light-house, glittering with reflectors and all the improvements of modern art, but it was enjoying that peculiar prosperity which, according to the proverb, in the worst of times, falls *somewhere*; and being the first mark of all vessels bound for the Elbe, and just out of the reach of Napoleon's talons besides, it had become a grand depot of commerce; or, to use a less dignified, but truer appellation, of smuggling of the most barefaced kind. Every spot was crowded with clerks and agents from England and Germany; many of them not improbably agents of more important concerns than the barter of sugar and coffee; for those were times when every feeling of right, seconded by every dexterity of man, was concerting the fall of the great enemy; and Heligoland was, perhaps, more nearly connected with Vienna, and even with Paris, than half the cabinets alive.

'But all before us, was the merchant and his merchandize, bales of Manchester manufactures and bags of West India produce, and among them the busy Englishman stalking about, and the spectacled German following him, and each apparently too well employed to think of the fates of empires.

'From our deck, the beach, which looked scarcely more than a hundred yards wide; and the rock itself, which did not seem half the number of feet high, gave the thickest picture of human swarming, that I had ever seen; the whole was black, restless, and buzzing with life; it had the look of an immense beehive.' pp. 20—24.

'It blows a storm; and every wave that rolls in upon the little beach threatens to wreck our whole navy at its anchors. The man who "pitied idle gentlemen upon a rainy day," should have added to the rainy day, confinement upon an island a mile round, as flat as a bowling-green, and with nothing upon it but a gathering of crazy huts, shaking in every limb, groaning in the wind as if they were groaning their last, and making it a doubtful point, whether it were wiser to take the chance of being swept into the sea with them, or without them.

'But the sea is magnificent: I now feel, for the first time, the full force of the words, "the wilderness of waves." As far as the eye can reach, the whole horizon is one moving mass of billows, rolling, foaming, and thundering on each other; sheets of spray suddenly caught up and whirling to vast distances, like the banners of the host of waters. Here are no chains of rock to fret the waves, no projections and promontories to break their mass, no distractions of the eye by the mixture of land and water: all is ocean, deep, dreary, and illimitable. With such an object before the poets of the north, well might they fill their imaginations with shapes of desolate power. Among the clouds which come continually rolling along the horizon, and almost touching the waters, it would be no difficult fancy even now, to conceive some of the old pirate fleets, spreading sail from the Baltic, and sweeping down, with the lightning for their pilot, and the winds for their trump, to the spoil of Europe. All is wild, melancholy, and grand.'

Vol. I. pp. 36—38.

We must not stop to discuss the point, how far Napoleon's downfall may be ascribed to the Berlin and Milan decrees. The Writer asserts, that their first effect was, the ruin of his own resources. The blow aimed at England, fell on Germany, which had hitherto fed the French exchequer, and instantly cut off the conduit through which the German revenues had flowed into France. A more formidable result was, that 'the whole mind of the Continent' was at once exasperated against him.

'Napoleon might have galloped his charger over Europe, making her castles the dust of its hoofs to the last of his days, but for his forgetting the spell which, more than cannon or bayonet, fought for the Republic; the "*Guerre aux palais, paix aux cabanes*". He had now fallen on the *cabanes*, and from that moment he was undone. The nations, long discontented with their sovereigns, had seen him trampling them down, and never moved a muscle. But, when they found his heel pressing on the neck of every man alike, they sprang up and crushed him.'

In the dreary six years which intervened between 'the fall of Germany' in the battle of Jena in 1806, and its recovery at the battle of Leipsig, Germany was gradually sinking into pauperism.

'Her higher orders were driven to despair by perpetual insult and robbery; her lower were compelled to criminal courses by the mere pressure of hunger. The system of smuggling had become the only resource of trade; and a more pernicious and demoralizing system never was offered to tempt the natural evil of man. Fraud, on a greater or lesser scale, was rapidly infecting all commercial transactions: every thing bore a fictitious name in the invoice; coffee passed the customs as horse-beans, sugar as starch, and pepper was alternately pease, rape-seed, and a hundred other things. The quantity of oaths, forgeries, and bribery that made this traffic pass down the consciences of the *Douaniers*, may be imagined. All was mystification, which yet mystified no one; hungry artifice openly arrayed against bloated plunder.'

But the crisis was ripening. The effects of this system on the burghers of Hamburg, and the people at large, are described by the Writer with the distinctness of a close and shrewd observer. For some time before the insurrection, the French garrison in that city felt themselves to be in the midst of a hostile population. But, in place of entering into the historic details, which will be best learned from the narrative, we shall transcribe the Writer's description of this ancient Gothic Hanse-town.

'The first aspect of this famous old city gives the idea of opulence, as opulence displayed itself in the ancient days of Germany. It is not a French display, nor an Italian: it is the gloomy, solid, and almost severe visage of the old Teutonic. Hamburg strikes the eye as a



place where much money was made and much expended, and yet where it was both made and expended by merchants and those merchants republicans. . . . Some of the public buildings are historic; and if they are superabundant in neither grace nor majesty, yet they occasionally have the look of times, when the Hamburg merchant could wield the battleaxe as well as the pen, and buckle on his iron coat against Swede and Dane. The front of the senate house, heavy and huge, is a gallery of civic heroes, all bronzed and gilded in full costume, and enveloped in wig and regimentals, "as a general ought to be;" the long line of trading gallantry from Charlemagne, or Nimrod. If Commerce ever sat for the portrait of Bellona, those champions of the desk might circle her car, as the attendant genii.

'But, to my sorrow, Hamburg is all *pavé*; the streets were, of course, universal mire after the day's rain; as in sunshine they are universal dust; and the wonders of the city were not to be seen, without hazarding something little short of suffocation in public mud. It is odd enough, that this universal offence in the continental cities should arise not more from laziness, than luxury. "Thank Heaven," said the French abbé, when he found himself on the flags of London, "a pedestrian's bones are worth something here;" and this was the whole secret. In Paris, the pedestrian's bones were worth nothing; for every man who was worth any thing rode in his carriage. The Hamburgers had been under the same circumstances; the time was, when they were not compelled to know whether their streets were earth or water; for such was the opulence of the city at the close of the last century, that there was scarcely a shopkeeper's family without an equipage and a country-house. The ladies of the firm seldom came into Hamburg but to purchase some finery of the day; the gentlemen came in but to spend an hour behind the counter, hold open their hands for the golden shower that was literally pouring upon them from every corner of the earth, and then drive back to their villas, and luxuriate for the rest of the day among their lilies and roses. In fact, the life of the great English merchant *now* was the life of the little Hamburg trader then. The French reformed this thoroughly; the marshals first cut down the opulence by a series of contributions, levied with the sabre; Napoleon gave the second blow by his "decrees;" but the final and the fatal blow was given by letting loose the swarm of French *employés* upon the unfortunate city. The rough men of the sabre trampled down the field; but it was the *préfets*, the collectors, and the custom-house officers, that played the part of the locust, and nipped every leaf and sprout of commerce out of the soil.

'The landscape round the city is Dutch,—flat, quiet, and green, sprinkled with houses, looking not unlike those which sprinkled the suburb fields of London a hundred and fifty years ago; low, yet sometimes spreading over a considerable extent, sometimes showy, but, in most instances, ample and convenient. Hamburg itself is an inland Amsterdam, a huge mass of buildings, imbedded in a marsh on the side of a lazy river, and cut through in all directions with sullen canals. The citizens pronounce it a Venice, and a Venice it is, if we divest the Adriatic queen of her palaces, her squares, her skies, and her recollections.' Vol I. pp. 61—63.

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‘ I have just returned, after a ramble among the villages. The mother city looks best from the outside. The villages are little, wild, odd things, with a primitive look, yet with some kind of gaiety. They put us in mind of a group of young Quakers, with the blood of youth contending against the inveteracy of the drab ; or the unwilling formality of a family circle in the presence of the venerable and forbidding grandmother of the household. The brown roofs and ponderous steeples of the city are seen from every dell and thicket for miles round, looking gravity, and frowning down the light propensities of the rising generation of villas.

‘ The contrast, to one returning from the country into the sudden gloom of the streets, renders all their evils still more unpalatable. Whatever better times, or another generation, may make of the city, it is now dark, intricate, and miry, to the full republican measure. Republicanism may have its advantages, but it never paves, sweeps, lights, or whitewashes ; the sovereign people feels the value of its independence too profoundly to suffer any intrusion of authority in the shape of public comfort ; cleanliness is a breach of privilege, and the order to hang up two lamps where but one twinkled before, would be an insult to the genius of the constitution altogether unheard of. The result is, that there is not a stone in the streets of Hamburg which has not been suffered to settle into its place by the laws of gravity ; not a spout which does not irrigate the passer by, and seem to be employed for that sole purpose ; not a crevice which does not widen into a pool ; not a pool which does not widen into a gulph ; and, in a huge city of ravines of lanes, and cut up with foggy canals, not a light much exceeding that of a moderate cigar. The senate know all this, and are alternately laughed at and libelled for not smoothing their pavements, stopping up their pools, and lighting their streets. But what can any citizen-senate on earth do more than groan over the commonwealth ; draw up magnanimous resolutions, and throw them into the fire, through fear of offending the freeborn sordidness and patriotic putrescence of the state ; and leave the rest to destiny and the general conflagration.

‘ I honour and esteem the spirit of Hamburg in its resistance to the French, but all my respect cannot disguise from all my senses, that the city would be infinitely the better for a good, active bombardment. But an earthquake would be the true benefactor. Any thing would be good that would bore, batter, scatter, and prostrate some furlongs of those streets, that, wild and winding as the shafts of a coal mine, seem nearly as dark, narrow, subterraneous, and unwholesome. After having so lately renewed my recollections of fresh air and open sky, I feel doubly incarcerated among those endless piles of old houses, like so many German barons, bowing round me with stiff decrepitude. The city has some memorable old buildings, but the republican spirit, which forgets every thing but its crabbed rights and peevish privileges, leaves them to the common career of men and buildings ; and there they stand or fall, proud with established squalidness, and solemn with the sacred dirt of ages.’ Vol. II. pp. 217—20.

‘ Still the city is a fine old gloomy relic, of fine old gloomy times ;

when, whatever might be the wickednesses of this world among the satrapies of the Continent, there was a spirit of grandeur, Gothic as it was, moving among mankind. I never tread my swampy way under the shadow of those fierce old buildings, that seem to scowl over the degenerate race of modern traffickers; without doing homage to the phantoms of sovereign commerce which still linger round the comptoirs, like ghosts round the spot they loved.' Vol. II. pp. 221.

And now for a few sketches of the worthy natives, whose 'fair, flat, piscatory visage' affords so striking a contrast to 'the bilious pug-dog physiognomy of the Gaul'.

'It is impossible to refuse the Germans all the praise due to good-nature, kindness of manner to strangers, and especially to general intelligence. Every one reads, almost every one writes, and altogether there is more of the active power of education visible in general society, than, perhaps, in any other country of the world. But they have two *désagrémens*, for nothing but the word can express the thing, too slight to be called vice, and too vexatious to be entitled to tolerance; which very considerably undo the spell of German society; and those are—smoking, and stocking knitting.

'A few mornings since, I visited a man of letters. I found him in his study, entrenched up to the chin in books and papers, and surrounded with all the printed wisdom of his country, in bindings that had evidently known a good deal of the "midnight lamp." The *nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ*, was in every thing. In short, all was as it ought to be in the *sacellum* of literature. The master of the shrine was a very intelligent person, I believe a very learned, and certainly a very industrious one; for in a list of his daily pursuits, which he showed to me, there was scarcely an hour out of the twenty-four, which had not its appropriate study. But the genius of tobacco-smoke was there, writing his death warrant, as legibly as my learned friend ever wrote a line of high Dutch. His pipe was in his hand; his goblet of *eau sucrée*, its never-failing, and almost equally sickening, companion, was beside him; and with a lack-lustre eye, and a cheek as yellow as the yellowest page he was poring over, was this able and valuable man sadly smoking himself into the other world.

'His chamber, his books, his clothes, every thing about him, were tobacco; and I left the interview in sorrow, and half suffocated. Argument in this distemper is but loss of time. No logic can pierce the integument that smoking wraps round the brain. Nothing will ever be effectual, except a general *fusillade* of the criminals, and a *cordon* prohibitory of the entrance of this fatal gift of America for the mystification of the continental soul. The propensity too is declared by the physicians to be actually one of the most efficient causes of the German tendency to diseases of the lungs. In point of expense, its waste is enormous. In Hamburg alone, 50,000 boxes of cigars have been consumed in a year; each box costing about 3*l.* sterling: 150,000*l.* puffed into the air!

'And it is to be remembered, that even this is but a part of the expense; the cigar adorning the lip only of the better order, and even



among those, only of the young; the mature generally abjuring this small vanity, and blowing away with the mighty meerschaum of their ancestors. This plague, like the Egyptian plague of frogs, is felt every where, and in every thing. It poisons the streets, the clubs, and the coffee-houses; furniture, clothes, equipage, person, are redolent of the abomination. It makes even the dulness of the newspaper doubly narcotic; the napkin on the table tells instantly that native hands have been over it; every eatable and drinkable, all that can be seen, felt, heard, or understood, is saturated with tobacco; the very air we breathe is but a conveyance for this poison into the lungs; and every man, woman, and child, rapidly acquires the complexion of a boiled chicken. From the hour of their waking, if nine-tenths of the population can ever be said to awake at all, to the hour of their lying down, which in innumerable instances the peasantry do in their clothes, the pipe is never out of their mouths; one mighty fumigation reigns, and human nature is smoke-dried by tens of thousands of square miles.

‘But if it be a crime to shorten life, or extinguish faculties, the authority of the chief German physiologists charges this custom with effecting both in a very remarkable degree. They compute, that of twenty deaths of men between eighteen and thirty-five, *ten* originate in the waste of the constitution by smoking. The universal weakness of the eyes, which makes the Germans *par excellence* a spectacled nation, is probably attributed to the same cause of general nervous debility. Tobacco burns out their blood, their teeth, their eyes, and their brains; turns their flesh into mummy, and their mind into metaphysics.’ Vol. I. pp. 176—180.

‘To the eye accustomed to genuine English beauty, the foreign countenance is seldom seen to advantage. The foreign brunette is too dark; the blonde is too light; the Greek profile, grand as it is, is too inanimate; and the French favourite *nez retroussé*, seconded by the little restless brown eye, is too common-place. For the combination of dignity and tenderness, for the noblest expression of mind and heart together, the countenance of English loveliness, in its few finer instances, is altogether without an equal in the world.

‘But the German females have better claims than those which depend upon the exterior; they are a remarkably kind-hearted, faithful, and honest-minded generation. The German ladies, excepting where they are led away by the temptation of French manners, vindicate the character of the sex, and fairly constitute the stronghold of the national morality. Even such superficial knowledge of their domestic life as might lie open to a stranger, conveyed the impression of a mixture of gentleness and goodness, which forms perhaps the best quality for home. The ties of parent and child certainly seem to owe but little of their acknowledged closeness, in Germany, to severity on the one side, or fear on the other. The feature which strikes a stranger most, is the general prevalence of a simple familiarity, perfectly consistent with duty on both sides. The aged head of the house is looked up to with something of patriarchal respect, which he returns by something of patriarchal affection. In England, families suddenly break off, and scatter through life, as if they were blown up by an explosion of gunpowder: they fly to all corners of the world, never to

rejoin ; but the happier circumstances of this country frequently allow all the branches of families to settle near each other : sons and daughters, sons-in-law and daughters-in-law, with their children and their children's children, come and sit under the shelter of the family vine. Circle spreads beyond circle ; and the ancient father, sitting in the centre of all, like another Jacob, with the sons of Joseph at his knee, is loved and honoured, rejoices in his grey hairs and fulness of years, and in peace and gratitude prepares for the great change that comes to all.' Vol. I. pp. 217, 218.

In genuine *domesticity*, however, the Englishman is distinguished alike from the pipe-loving *Teutschlander*, the talk-loving Frenchman, or the sun-loving Italian.

' Be it known, that the Englishman is the only inhabitant of Europe, who, between the hours of dinner and sleep, *can* stay at home. Be the weather wild as Boreas and Eurus together ever made it, the sun-loving Italian steals to his casino ; the Frenchman rushes out into the whirlwind, to yawn for three hours in the same coterie where he has duly yawned every night for the last fifty years ; the Dutchman finds a moral impossibility of smoking his pipe at home, and goes to enjoy it in the Harmonie ; the Spaniard's lemonade is tasteless unless he can sip it in the accustomed Caffeteria ; and the German's *schnapps* and newspaper cannot go down, except in the Guinguette atmosphere of brandy, lamp-oil, and the most pestilent tobacco fumes that ever nauseated the lungs of man.

' This anti-home propensity accounts for half the phenomena of foreign life ; for the rarity of affection where it ought to be, and the universality of attachment where it ought not ;—for the wretched profligacy of private life, and, as a consequence, for a good deal of the very scandalous corruption of public ; for the crowding of the theatres, the prosperity of the gaming-tables, and the general propensity to suicide.

' The Englishman, on the contrary, *can* sit at home, and bear to look at his wife and children, without grudging the moments given to either, as so much lost to sentiment, and the billiard balls.'

Vol. I. pp. 148—150.

' The original malediction of the foreigner is restlessness : he lives under an anathema of perpetually doing something. His Governments, and his nature, alike make him an idler,—I speak not of the few exceptions,—and the misery of his idleness is to be made endurable only by eternal trivialities. The Gaul thus chatters away his understanding ; the German smokes and mysticises ; the whole South of Europe vainly absorbs itself in sonnetteering, scandal, and macaroni. The Englishman is the only individual in existence, who can sit still when he has nothing to do ; and hold his tongue, when he has nothing to say ; and limitless praise be to him for both. To this pitiful propensity, worthy only a forest of baboons, is due the theatre and coffee-house haunting spirit, that utterly *un-domesticates* foreign life ; a vast quantity of the vice,—for foreign life is intolerably vicious ; and the incalculable waste of the energies, talents, and opportunities which Providence has given as largely here as elsewhere, but given in vain.

To this is due the opera and ballet-fever, the frenzy into which a dancer or a singer throws the public for a hundred square leagues, noble and gentle, prince and plebeian ; all crowding for fifty nights together, to see a profligate from Paris, who stands on her toe half a minute longer than all other profligates from Paris ; or a singer from Milan or Naples, who eclipses all the violins, and all the vices, of her native hot-bed.' Vol. II. pp. 301, 2.

In our own metropolis, the theatres are comparatively deserted by the higher classes ; but the multiplication of clubs and club-houses, to say nothing of billiard-rooms, is, we fear, making serious inroads upon domesticity of character, and undermining, in many cases, domestic virtue. Happily, if Paris is France, London is not England.

A chapter is devoted to the history of the Hanseatic League, —a graphic and spirited sketch, in the vivid colouring of romance. Charlemagne is exalted into a benefactor ; and the Crusades are referred to as having showered gold on the north ; representations which do not belong to history,—but *tant pis pour les faits*. Next comes 'The Battle of Bautzen' ; followed by a 'Tale of the Generations of Napoleon', to which this gorgeous paragraph forms a head-piece,—a pen and ink vignette.

'Who has not heard, read, written, or dreamed of the Bay of Naples? Of its morning sun showering it with pearls and roses, and of its evening sun exchanging them for topazes and tulips! Of its being at one time a mirror in which Aurora dresses her ringlets, and at another a prodigious cathedral window, stained with all kinds of heavenly things, before which Phœbus goes to vespers!'

After perusing this tale, fanciful, extravagant, oriental in its conception, dramatic in its execution, the dullest reader will scarcely be at a loss to conjecture the name of the Writer, if he has not detected him before ; but the following stanzas, which it would be injustice to withhold, tell the secret still more plainly. We will not, however, deprive our readers of the pleasure of guessing.

' THE RUSSIAN BLACK EAGLE :

' A NIGHT VIEW.

'The trumpet of the storm is blown,  
The thunder wakes upon his throne.  
Through the vapours damp  
The moon's sad lamp  
Seems lighting funeral shrouds ;  
And a giant plume  
Stoops through the gloom  
Of the thousand rolling clouds.  
  
'That head is crown'd with many a ring !  
I know that fearful eagle-wing !



Fierce, broad, and black,  
It hung on the track,  
From Moscow's towers of flame,  
O'er hill, and plain, and tide,  
Chasing the homicide,  
Till France was but a name.

'Thou eagle-king! I know thee well,  
By the iron beak and the deadly yell.  
It was no forest prey  
Thou wentest forth to slay;  
Whole armies were thy food,  
Earth's crown'd and mighty men:  
Thy haunt no forest-glen,  
But kingdoms, slaughter-strewed!

'Dark spirit of the mystic North,  
When sweeps thy sullen pinion forth,  
Like a cloudy zone:  
What fated throne  
Must sink in dust again!  
Com'st thou to wreak  
Old vengeance for the Greek,  
Giving him blood to drink like rain!

'Or shall thy gory talon sweep  
O'er the pale Propontic deep,  
Where sits the Sultan-slave,  
His throne beside his grave!  
Gathering his vassals wan;  
And with shrinking ear,  
Seems in each blast to hear  
"Death to the Ottoman!"

'Or from thy tempest-girdled nest  
On Caucasus' eternal crest,  
Shall thy consuming eyes  
Glance where trembling India lies,  
Offering her jewelled diadem,  
Another, to thy many-circled brow!  
Or shalt thou too be low,  
Thy grandeur like the rest—a dream!

'Or shalt thou revel till the storm,  
When the avenger's fiery form  
Bursts from his midnight skies,  
And mankind's trembling eyes  
See the last thunders hurled?  
And thou, and thy wild horde,  
Are in his hand the sword,  
Destroying, and destroyed but with the world!'

- Art. V. 1. *Mirabeau's Letters, during his Residence in England*; with Anecdotes, Maxims, &c. Now first translated from the Original Manuscripts. To which is prefixed, an Introductory Notice on the Life, Writings, Conduct, and Character of the Author. 2 Vols. pp. lxxxiii. 928. Price 21s. London, 1832.
2. *Semi-Serious Observations of an Italian Exile, during his Residence in England*. By Count Pecchio. 12mo. pp. xvi. 525. Price 10s. 6d. London, 1833.

THE history of this portion of Mirabeau's Correspondence, now first published, is thus stated.

'In the year 1806, the Translator was residing at Brussels. At that period, the fashion of collecting autographs was extremely prevalent, especially among ladies. A particular friend of the Translator's, Madame de Bathe, requested Mde. Guilleminot, the sister-in-law of the present General Guilleminot, to assist her in her collection. Her husband, in consequence, applied to one of the sisters of Napoleon Buonaparte. That princess mentioned the application to Cambaceres, the Chancellor of the empire; and under his direction, the Keeper of the Archives was instructed to forward as many autograph letters as might be at his disposal to Brussels. Between two and three thousand letters, written by celebrated men of the Revolution, were accordingly despatched. The Translator was present on their arrival. Mde. de Bathe requested him to select those which might appear the most interesting. Having done so, he was allowed to transcribe such as he chose, and also to submit the originals to the inspection of several of his friends. . . . Most of Mirabeau's letters, here given, were in his own hand-writing; but some of them had been copied by Adam, his secretary, who succeeded Hardy. It is not known to whom they had been written; for, having been collected either by Mirabeau or by Adam, and partially arranged, with a view to their publication, the envelopes had been destroyed.'

For corroborating testimony to the genuineness of these Letters, the Translator refers to Prince d'Aremberg, an intimate friend of Mirabeau's, and several other highly respectable personages. The date of the letters is 1784, 5.

The notice of the Life and Character of Mirabeau, prefixed to the Letters, is spirited and, upon the whole, impartial and just. It is a melancholy and disgusting disclosure. A prodigy of talent, talent of gigantic energy, he exhibited at the same time the most frightful specimen of mind without heart. Immoral does not describe his character: he had no sense of morality, no conscience either in morals, politics, or religion. He was entirely unprincipled. He looked not merely first, but exclusively, to his personal interest in public affairs; and, as Mde. de Stael observes, his foresight was bounded by his selfishness. 'The tribune by policy, and the aristocrat by taste,' at once a Tory and a destructionist, he despised the mob as much as he hated his

own order ; and yet, he courted the applause and enjoyed the incense of the rabble, while his vanity never suffered him to forget his pretensions to nobility. He was to be bought by any party ; but no gold would have satisfied his cupidity, supported his oriental extravagance, or purchased his fidelity.\* He is described as ugly almost to hideousness,—‘ the face of a tiger marked with ‘ the small-pox ’ ; but of his very ugliness, as of the moral hideousness of which it was a type, he was vain. With all his deformity of countenance, he was a personal favourite with the ladies. To a Herculean frame, he united a voice of thunder, full, flexible, and sonorous. This was the chief instrument of his power ; and by this he impressed, seduced, inflamed, and ruled. His vanity, the efflorescence of his pure selfishness, was seen in every thing.

‘ He was vain of his person,—his learning,—his oratory,—his acting,—his fencing,—his authorship,—his mode of correcting proofs for the press ;—vain of every thing. Yet, as a *littérateur*, he was one of the most notorious and unblushing plagiarists that ever existed. As a writer, or as a speaker, he never scrupled to avail himself, to whatever extent occasion might require, of the labours of others. A proud man would not have thus acted. “ His work on the ‘ Bank of St. Charles,’ his ‘ Denunciation of Stockjobbing,’ his ‘ Considerations on the order of Cincinnatus,’ and his ‘ Lettres de Cachet,’ were his titles to fame. But if all who had contributed to these works had each claimed his share, nothing would have remained as Mirabeau’s own, but a certain art of arrangement, some bold expressions, and biting epigrams, and numerous bursts of manly eloquence, certainly not the growth of the French Academy. He obtained from Clavière and Panchaud the materials for his writings on finance. Clavière supplied him with the subject matter of his ‘ Letter to the King of Prussia.’ De Bourges was the author of his address to the Batavians.” It has been already seen, that Dumont and Duroverai wrote many of his speeches. Mirabeau was not profound ; but he possessed the art of seizing upon grand points, and making the most of them. His facility in appropriating the ideas, thoughts, and expressions of others, was truly wonderful ; with a Promethean touch he made them his own. In fact, Dumont,—all the parties enumerated above,—and many others,—were neither more nor less than his journeymen—his tools.

‘ Mirabeau was not,—

“ In wit a man, simplicity a child : ”

he was a man of splendid genius ; but his genius was not subservient to his reason ; he was deplorably wanting in self-respect ; he was impetuous, violent and indiscreet ;—he possessed not the discretion of a child ten years of age. His shrewdness, his perspicacity, were pro-

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\* Rivarol, a court writer, once remarked, ‘ *Je suis vendu, mais non payé.*’ Mirabeau’s reply was, ‘ *Je suis payé, mais non vendu.*’



digious. He was profoundly skilled in the art of flattery;—persuasive—capable of cajoling;—yet open to flattery himself,—ever liable to be cajoled, and converted to the purposes of others, even by men immeasurably his inferiors in knowledge and in intellect.

‘Temperate in drinking, he was the reverse in every other gratification of sense. His perceptions were nice; his conduct was gross. Ardent as a lover, he was inconstant as he was ardent; sensual—heartless—profligate.

‘Had Mirabeau been virtuous, he would have been great: as he was vicious, he was only wonderful.’—Vol. I. pp. lxxxi—lxxxiii.

This is well put, and far more just than the remark of M. Mignet, that ‘he wanted nothing but the opportunity, to be ‘great.’ La Harpe was accustomed to say of the ‘Plebeian ‘Aristocrat,’ that he was nominally and essentially a despot; and that, ‘had he enjoyed the government of an empire, he would ‘have surpassed Richelieu in pride, and Mazarin in policy.’ This might have been, had not his vanity been so much greater than his pride, and had not his policy been always over-ruled by his profligacy.

The most instructive view, perhaps, to be taken of his character, is in reference to the state of society which produced it. Mirabeau was not simply a Frenchman, but he was the quintessence of the national character; of that character which Voltaire described as a hybrid between the ape and the tiger. He was the personification, the *avatar* of those evil qualities which have ever been most prominent in the French character. He might have been a Catiline in Rome; we know not what he might have been in England,—perhaps a mere Childe Harold, or a Chatham without his patriotism and virtue; but he could have been Mirabeau, only in France. His character was the illegitimate offspring of the old regime and the revolution; deriving its energy from the latter, its utter viciousness from the former. He sprang from that old noblesse whose crimes and profligacy, fostered by a corrupt priesthood, had loosened all the bonds of morality and law, and left nothing for the Revolution to destroy, but the forms and trappings of government. His vanity and ferocity were French; his utter destitution of religious principle, his atheism, and his profligacy, were the effect of that condition of society upon which he was thrown, and out of the mould of which he rose; a condition produced by the twin evils, popery and despotism, the joint corrupters and enslavers of mind and body; in other words, by the court of the Bourbons and the priesthood of Rome.

But our present object is neither to write an essay on the character of Mirabeau, nor to discuss the causes which produced this Genius of disorganization. It is necessary that the reader should be apprised of the character of the Writer of these observations upon England. In these Letters, however, Mirabeau's appear-

ance is advantageous. They evince no laxity of principle or of conduct; and from their perusal, the Editor remarks, no one would suppose him to be otherwise than a man of honour and rectitude; and yet, while living in London, he was 'the sensualist, the voluptuary, the profligate Mirabeau.' His talents, however, procured him the acquaintance of several of the leading men of the day. 'Of many points of the English character, and of many of the public institutions of England, he was a professed and ardent admirer.' Chatham's speeches more especially excited his admiration; and 'howsoever the copy might differ from the original,' he avowedly made that great orator his model. We shall now, without further preface, lay before our readers, a few specimens of the Letters. Perhaps the best criticism upon them, is that which the Writer has himself supplied.

'In that case I shall return to Paris; and one of the first books I intend to publish will be, "*A Year's Residence in England.*" I have written to my different correspondents, requesting them not to destroy my letters dated from hence. They are merely *rough sketches, thrown off in the greatest haste, filled perhaps with contradictory notions respecting this country and its inhabitants*; but, whatever they may be, they bear the impress of the moment; and I, like many other worthy individuals, am guided in my opinions by the state of my mind, the health of my body, or, perhaps, to be more precise, by the fullness or emptiness of my purse. "I find it difficult," said La B. "to persuade a minister who is in the act of digesting a delicious meal, that the people of an entire province are in a state of actual starvation." This is certain; I feel more pleased with myself and with those around me, thanks to the fifty louis a month I receive from my publisher.' Vol. I. p. 130.

Contradictory and sometimes absurd, certainly, the notions thrown out at random in these effusions of the moment, must be pronounced. For example:

'To children, the religious exercises of the English afford nothing capable of softening and humanizing their disposition. These exercises do not strike the senses; they are confined to prayers, which never end, and are interspersed with metaphysical or dogmatical instructions, that have no effect upon the mind. On the other hand, the service of the Church of Rome, the pictures and statues which adorn the temples, with the variety of ceremonies, processions, salutations, &c., are better adapted to the capacity of young people: as they have a natural turn for imitation, they are seen to crowd together in Catholic countries, to dress shrines, to sing at high mass, and to walk in processions. These exercises nourish that simplicity which becomes their tender years, and gives the mind a pliant turn that preserves the gentleness of their temper, and their disposition to gayety.

'If, in England, we observe the influence of religion on grown persons, we shall see a new source of melancholy. Let us confine ourselves to the country towns and villages—to that part of the nation which has most religion—and we shall find that the Jewish rigour

with which they are obliged to keep the Sabbath, the only holiday they have, is an absolute specific to nourish the gloom of their temper. This rigid observance of the Sabbath is founded upon the laws which the Puritans extorted from Queen Elizabeth; laws which James the First, and Charles the First, in vain endeavoured to meliorate by ordinances which allowed all sorts of lawful pleasures and amusements after divine service.'—Vol. I. pp. 238—240.

'The English, accustomed to view religion in this gloomy light, are ready to fall into every sort of excess which they may think capable of leading them to perfection, by any path whatever. There is no sort of extravagance of this kind that an English head is not capable of. Religion, notwithstanding, is calculated to make men happy; and I fully concur with the writer who says—"He will be cheerful, if he has a cheerful religion; he will be sad, if his religion is of a sad and gloomy kind; he makes his happiness subordinate to it, and refers himself to it in all things that interest him most." Thus, the ministers of religion are responsible to God, not only for the future, but the present happiness of the people whose confidence they possess. It is an offence against the human species, to disturb the repose which they should enjoy upon earth.

'The theatrical exhibitions of the English contribute equally to feed, or rather to increase, the national melancholy. The tragedies which the people are most fond of, consist of a number of bloody scenes, shocking to humanity; and these scenes are upon the stage as warm and affecting as the justest action can render them;—an action as lively, pathetic, and glowing, as that of their preachers is cold, languid, and uniform.'—Vol. I. pp. 243, 244.

To the national melancholy of the English, thus nourished by the pulpit and the stage, this clever, superficial, volatile Frenchman paradoxically ascribes 'the aptitude of the English for the sciences,' and 'the great sale of the newspapers', which the generality of the English, he says, spend a considerable time in reading. 'Hence those revolutions which have so often changed the government of England.' It is a pity that it did not occur to him to ascertain the date of the first newspaper. 'In the present state of England,' he continues, 'public affairs have become the concern of every Englishman: each citizen is a politician. The case was quite different in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth.' In the next page, he proceeds to speak of the political divisions and contests that agitated England in those reigns, when newspapers had assuredly little to do with creating disturbances. The theme is thus pursued in Letter xlv.

'The impetuosity and the perseverance with which melancholy dwells upon such objects as interest and engage it, are the principles that induce the English to concern themselves so much about public affairs. Each citizen, identifying himself with the government, must of necessity extend to himself the high idea he has of the nation: he triumphs in its victories; he is afflicted by its calamities; he exhausts



himself in projects to promote its successes, to second its advantages, to repair its losses.

‘Hence that natural pride which immortalized him who first used the expression—“*The Majesty of the People of England* ;” a pride from which the splendour of the most renowned states of antiquity took its rise ;—a pride which, being the first foundation of public strength, and multiplying it *ad infinitum*, subdivides, and in some measure distributes, itself to every citizen ;—a pride that produced those wonderful examples of patriotism which made so shining a figure in ancient history ;—in fact, a pride which is perhaps the only patriotism that human nature is capable of attaining.

“*Totam diffusa per artus  
Mens agitat molem, ac magno se corpore miscet.*”

Even the fair sex has its share of this pride, in England ; and it displays itself with all the violence which melancholy imparts to the affections and passions. The revolution that subverted the throne of Charles the First furnishes many examples of this sort, which Butler makes mention of in his *Hudibras*.—Vol. I. pp. 259—261.

In a following letter, he traces to the same supposed melancholic temperament of Englishmen, the inclination to commit suicide. The Editor very properly asks, in a note, ‘What then occasions the propensity towards this crime among the French ?’ The fact is, that the crime is far less frequent in England, than either in France or in Germany.

‘Amongst men of learning, artisans, and clergymen, public affairs generally furnish the subject of conversation ; every Englishman giving as much attention to these matters as though he were the prime minister. This is the case even with the lowest class, and country people. Pleasurable and gay conversation is unknown to these societies. The English find no relief from reflection, except in reflection itself : they have no other means of amusing themselves ; and gaming gives them pleasure, only by affording them an opportunity to reflect.

‘The English, who are profound thinkers, violent in their desires, and carrying all their passions to excess, are altogether extravagant in the article of gaming. Several rich noblemen are said to have ruined themselves by it ; others devote their whole time to it, at the expense of their business, their repose, and their health. A minister of state passed four-and-twenty hours at a public gaming-table, so absorbed in play, that during the whole time he had no sustenance but a bit of beef between two slices of toasted bread, which he ate without ever quitting the game. This refreshment became highly in vogue, and received the name of the minister (Lord Sandwich) by whom it was invented.’—Vol. I. pp. 223—224.

‘The French are apt to imagine, that it is on account of their country they are pushed and shoved in the most frequented streets, and often driven into the kennel. They are mistaken. The English

walk very fast, their thoughts being entirely engrossed by business; they are very punctual to their appointments; and those who happen to be in their way, are sure to be sufferers by it. Constantly darting forward, they jostle them with a force proportioned to their bulk and the velocity of their motion. I have seen foreigners, not used to this exercise, suffer themselves to be tossed and whirled about a long time, in the midst of a crowd of passengers, who had nothing else in view but to get forward. Plautus, describing the bustle of the port of Athens, has given a true account of this city:—

“Drive those forward who are coming towards you; push them on; force them into the middle of the street; when you are running on, and when you are in the greatest hurry imaginable, scarcely any body will vouchsafe to make way for you: so that you have three things at once upon your hands, when you have undertaken but one; you must run, fight, and scold by the way.”

‘We should be in an error, were we to imagine that the English fashions, diametrically opposite to those of the French, are contrived in the manner they are, to avoid all resemblance to those of our nation. On the contrary, if the former are in any respect influenced by the latter, it is by the desire of imitating them. A mode begins to be out of date in Paris, just when it has been introduced in London, by some English nobleman. The court, and the first-rate nobility, immediately take it up; it is next introduced, about St. James’s, by those who ape the manners of the court; and, by the time it has reached the city, a contrary mode already prevails in Paris, where the English, bringing with them the obsolete fashion, appear like the people of another world.’—Vol. I. pp. 189—191.

‘Were you to be told, that, in a certain latitude, an island exists in which the winds are extremely changeable, the climate temperate, but the air almost always loaded with fogs and humid vapours; were you also to be told, that the people who inhabit this island, having procured, by labour and industry, considerable wealth, have acquired the habit of partaking plentifully of food; that, although they eat but little bread, which is more readily converted into chyle, but a great quantity of meat, much butter, and potatoes; and that the customary beverage is a strong beer, extremely nourishing, and even in which opium is frequently infused,—would you not, at the moment, be inclined to think that a man circumstanced thus, with respect to climate and diet, must possess more substance, more life, more force and power for action, be better able to endure fatigue; but that, generally speaking, his fibres must be more flaccid, more soft, consequently less elastic, less susceptible, and, putting exceptions out of the case, his animal spirits must be less vivacious, and circulate through his frame with less rapidity? Well! this supposition here becomes reality.’

Vol. I. pp. 19, 20.

‘On my arrival in London, nothing struck me more forcibly than the sight of those flag-stone pavements which caused that excellent man, La Condamine, to fall upon his knees, and exclaim, “Thank God! I am in a country where they who are obliged to go on foot have not been forgotten!” Every thing else, as we passed through the

town, appeared to me uncommonly plain; so much so, that I could not but agree with the apathetic Italian, who said—"The town is composed of streets on the right, streets on the left, and a road in the middle." Every town resembles every other. If, however, you allow this one to enjoy admirable cleanliness, which extends to every thing, which embellishes every thing—an attraction both for body and soul—to an extent which no ancient city ever possessed; yet, here, you will find frightful political maladies—a moral sink of iniquity—and, perhaps, as elsewhere, a physical one also.—Vol. I. pp. 10, 11.

'Speaking of order, cleanliness, and comfort, nothing is more wonderful than the stables of the English: they are positively cleaner than most of the Paris hotels. I know not whether Swift ever visited France: if he did, there he found prototypes in abundance for his Yahoos; and here, models innumerable for his Houyhnhnms.' p. 110.

The following remarks are of a more grave and more important character. We give them without comment, although they supply ample matter for reflection.

'The soul of the British government is influence: the Crown visibly absorbs the power of the whole legislature by influence; she possesses the executive in right; and every man who attends to parliamentary affairs, must perceive, that the votes of both houses are always at command. The real government of this country is, therefore, different from the apparent. The King's Ministers are certain of being able to carry every point they desire; the King's will is the law. A Frenchman will then naturally inquire, what difference, in this case, exists between the English constitution and the French government; he will say, "Your King does what he likes through your parliament; ours does the same without the parliament; now, where is the difference to the people?"—The answer is, "You know not how many points the King wants to carry; but his friends will not support him in them, and consequently they never come before parliament." This idea lets us into the secret of the constitution; the King's power is absolute in all matters which will not too greatly shock the prejudices and inclinations of the people.

'As to the power of the purse, which, we are told, includes all other power, he is as absolute as the King of France; and that, because the people of England are constitutionally accustomed to see all the demands of the Crown granted in parliament.

'In general acts, the regal power seems uncontrolled; in particular ones, it is as limited as in any country in Europe. What I mean is, that the laws that bind the whole people in an equality, are ever in the power of the Crown; but, let the king depart from the general idea, by injuring or killing an individual, he immediately finds his power circumscribed. Thus, it would be easier for him to destroy the liberty of the press at one stroke, or to oppress the whole kingdom by an enormous tax, than to wrest a cottage from its rightful owner. The King can raise twenty millions of money; but he cannot cut off the head of John Wilkes. All general laws are at the power of the Crown; particular actions must bear the stamp of freedom.



‘The freedom of the press has justly been called the bulwark of liberty; does any one doubt but a minister could carry a vote to subject it to a licencer to-morrow?’

‘They who hesitate to subscribe to the opinion, that the Crown is in reality all-powerful in *general laws*, should consider the present state of influence. We have been told, that the public is poor, but individuals are rich. This seems to be the strangest mistake that could possibly have been made; for the fact is directly contrary: nothing can exceed the poverty of individuals, even those who possess the largest and noblest estates. Whence the universal influence of the Crown, if not from the poverty of the people? It is a luxurious age; every man longing earnestly for the means of rivalling his neighbours; straining every nerve to rise in show, elegance, &c. Fine houses, superb furniture, rich equipages, expensive dress, luxurious feasting, unbounded gaming, and all the modes of lavishing money which were ever practised in the most luxurious ages and countries, are now found amongst persons of large fortunes: they are closely imitated by their inferiors, until some part of their profusion descends even to the lowest classes. In such a state of things, how should any body be rich? Wants on every hand exceed the power of gratification. All live beyond their fortunes; all are, and, in such a train, must be, poor. To whom should they look for money, which their own industry could never gain, nor their economy save? To him who has three millions annually at his disposal.

‘While such is the great outline of the nation, how can any one doubt the power of influence?’

‘This universal expense, which so infallibly brings on universal poverty, enriches the public—that is, the King. The alienation, so rapid, in profusion, is in every stage taxed pretty heavily; whence a revenue is raised, great in itself, but greater in its consequences; for, on the credit of what is and what may be, unbounded wealth is raised at will, and a little kingdom spends more in a twelvemonth than supported the greatest empires during many years. Nor has this arisen from the unnatural exertion of imprudent enterprise—the efforts of folly sinking to debility; it has been genuine strength, often repeated, and yet unexhausted. In a word, it is public wealth founded on private profusion.

‘When I mention the poverty of individuals, I do not mean that they are unpossessed of estates and money; no, they live in unbounded plenty of both; but the luxurious profusion of the age is so great, that the master of forty thousand a-year is almost a beggar. Relative to the constitution, he is poor; but, as an object by whom the public grows wealthy, he is rich. The wants and dependence, which surely may in that sense be called poverty, are in exact proportion to the quantity of money, and consequent degree of luxury, in the nation.’

Vol. II. pp. 135—140.

In a subsequent letter, Mirabeau sarcastically ridicules the spirit of modern patriotism, composed of ‘Grecian or Roman ideas in an English dress’; and insists that the moment any one in this country makes pretences to this obsolete and impos-

sible virtue, he should be treated as a visionary fool or a designing knave. He then goes on to describe what a real patriot would be.

‘ If you would fix an idea to the word patriot, and adapt it to this country, you ought to describe a man in parliament who looks at measures alone, totally forgetting who are the conductors, and who, in all his conduct, both in and out of place, adheres steadily to certain plans which he thinks favourable to the happiness and liberty of the people.

‘ In an age when the influence of the Crown is too great, and threatens to overturn the constitution, he will not enter into any measures that can add to that influence by the same means that created it. Debts and taxes laid the foundation, throwing into the scale of the Crown a weight unthought of at the Revolution: adding to the debt is increasing taxes, and all their train of consequences, already too formidable to liberty. If, therefore, such a man could exist as a modern patriot, in cold blood, he would see the necessity of adhering to a plan of preventing a further acquisition of riches in the Crown, by raising fresh taxes to pay the interest of new debts.

‘ A patriot must merely think liberty of much more consequence than military success, great trade, naval power, or any such possession; and would consequently never agree to measures which, in order to gain the latter, could in any degree endanger the former.

‘ Now, we have never found that any of our patriots have conducted themselves on these ideas: they have railed at small expenses, when out of power, and run into large ones the moment they were in place.

‘ But what encouragement, real in the goods of fortune, or imaginary in the opinions of the world, can any man have for turning patriot? If he really mean well, he will possess neither: certainly not the former; and he will lose the latter the moment he may act beyond the ideas of the mob. What glimpse of hope can he have of success? In parliament, the Crown is so strong that an orator may waste a dozen pair of well-toned lungs, before he out-talks the powers of ministerial gold: he has not an Athenian or a Roman mob to harangue, but men whose education just gives them the plea of a systematic defence and apology for the most glaring venality. How is he to make an impression on the needy sons of extravagance, who have learning enough to be sophists? Can he expect that flowers of rhetoric and flights of fancy shall be weightier than posts and pensions? A place at the board of customs or excise—paymastership—or a contract;—are not these powers beyond the eloquence of a Tully or a Demosthenes?’ pp. 153—156.

In the next letter, we find the Writer, whom we should no longer recognize as the author of some of the preceding flippant observations, giving his reasons for thinking that the power and prosperity of England will be more permanent than those of either France or Spain.

‘ The maritime power of England is not the wayward child of an

absolute monarch, who determines to be potent on every element; it is the slow, natural growth of more than two hundred years, which has stood many a fierce attack, and weathered many a storm.

'Another circumstance which has continued and increased every other advantage, is the peculiar felicity of the English constitution. All the great kingdoms of Europe have lost their liberty except England: liberty has carried her trade, agriculture, manufactures, wealth, and navy, to a pitch to which they could never otherwise have attained.

'Another point of vast importance is the uncommon union of trade and agriculture. The amazing commerce of England is equal to that of the most famous states that have been great by commerce alone; and this vast trade has been carried on, not by a knot of unhappy men, like the Dutch, who were forced to be traders or nothing; but by a great landed nation, amongst whom trade enlivened agriculture, and agriculture yielded immense products for trade.

'Lastly, the period of these various circumstances coming in full play was at a time when the rival nations had passed the meridian of their grandeur; so that England was the rising, France the setting sun. No other power arose to dispute the palm of equality; she had not then a France succeeding Spain in great power, to draw her off, and waste her strength with fresh contests.

'All these are reasons for conjecturing that this country will, in her turn, be the first power of the Christian world. She cannot aim at universal monarchy, for reasons already mentioned; and that moderation will save her from efforts beyond her strength, and from alliances amongst the rest of Europe to pull down her power. It will, therefore, be more stable, and far more prosperous than that of either France or Spain.

'You observe that this view of the affairs of Britain does not take notice of her internal state, particularly her debts, and some other circumstances, which newspaper politicians are always telling us are her ruin.' pp. 159—161.

'The national debts of this country are certainly very considerable; but it seems preposterous to predict ruin to the state, because the right hand owes to the left; and, as to the debt due to foreigners, it is comparatively light. But, where are the politicians who will venture to assure us of the impossibility that this kingdom will apply the sponge, and yet presently after borrow again? Much more surprising turns have happened in the history of human affairs.

'The power of England is much too great to have any thing to fear from the united force of all her enemies; and they must be shallow politicians who are deceived, by trifling minutiae, into an opinion that she is in any danger of falling under the power of France.

'I cannot by any means subscribe to your opinion, that the public revenues of England are carried to the utmost height of which they are capable; on the contrary, I apprehend there are several reasons for supposing them capable of great increase, without burthening the people so far as to destroy industry.

'There is an uncertainty in every thing that concerns taxation, which is too dark for the acutest genius to clear up. In every country



we find it mathematically proved, that, if another million be raised, the people must be clearly undone. Two or three millions are then levied, and the same prophecy is repeated. The idea that one tax creates an ability in the people to pay another, is very absurd; but it is difficult to say how far taxation may be carried; because, in no country in Europe, where taxes are laid on equally, and with judgment, do they oppress the people; nor is there an instance to be produced of a people ruined by taxes. Other more powerful circumstances must unite; for this is not of sufficient weight to effect the evil. The heaviest taxed countries are the most flourishing in Europe: I do not mistake the cause for the effect, and assert them, therefore, to be the most flourishing; but adduce the fact to show that taxes which, in their extreme, are perfectly consistent with wealth, happiness, and power, cannot have those dreadful effects which some have attributed to them.' pp. 162—165.

From whom did Mirabeau derive these ideas? For, whether just or not, they can hardly have risen in his mind spontaneously and underived. They are in curious contrast to the opinions expressed in a silly letter from Voltaire to Lord Chesterfield, given in Letter LXXX. In Letter LXIX. we have some very admirable remarks, which we have not room to transcribe, upon the patronage of literature, and the importance of encouraging literary men of sterling abilities, to prevent the prostitution of their talent. 'With authors of considerable reputation,' it is remarked, 'the booksellers are by far the most munificent patrons that the learned meet with in this country.' This is a species of encouragement not to be found in many other countries where literature is much cultivated; and it is 'of all methods of an author's being recompensed, the most honourable, easy, and independent.' But

'Many in the herd deserve encouragement,—or support, to keep them from such a dependence on the pen, as may enable them to take time and choice in their compositions. That there is real genius in this class, cannot be doubted; for most of the works of the present age, that will be read in the next with pleasure, and probably exist as long as the English language, are the productions of authors who wrote, if not for bread, most certainly for an income.' Vol. II. p. 174.

Mirabeau seems to have taken an extraordinary interest in the political condition of the Jews, and in the character of the celebrated Mendelsohn, of whose life and writings he speaks of having prepared a notice; and he appears to have actually formed the project of writing 'a history of religion, and of the Jews'!! An essay 'on the Political Reform of the Jews', with a Reply to the Objections of Michaelis, which occupies 62 pages, purports to be chiefly taken from Mendelsohn. We wish that the Editor had given us more distinct information concerning this interesting document, which cannot be Mirabeau's com-

position, and if really translated from his papers, must be the translation of a translation. Mendelsohn's Letter to Lavater is also given; and 'the Death of Socrates', translated from the German of the great Jewish Philosopher. The strong sympathy which all the Unitarians, Neologists, and Infidels of the day evinced with that remarkable and learned personage, is a striking fact. By one German Professor, he was styled, 'the greatest sage since Socrates.' On a monument erected to him, another Professor inscribed, 'A sage like Socrates, faithful to the ancient creed, teaching immortality, himself immortal'.\* In the eyes of the literati of the Continent, a greater than Luther, a greater than Paul, nay, a greater than Paul's Master and Lord, had appeared, worthy of being placed at the head of the great school of Infidelity. We do not recollect, however, to have seen the circumstance noticed, that Mirabeau was among the number of his enthusiastic votaries. It is remarkable, that, some time in 1785, Mirabeau left London for Berlin, 'engaged on a secret mission by Calonne, to observe the politics of the Prussian court.' Mendelsohn died at Berlin on the 4th of Jan. 1786. Whether he had any share in determining Mirabeau's movements, whether they had previously corresponded, or, if so, whether they ever met,—are inquiries which naturally suggest themselves, but which these volumes do not afford the means of ascertaining.

Before we dismiss these volumes, there is one more passage which claims notice, both as being most honourable to the Writer, and as reading at the present moment almost like a sagacious presentiment or prediction. Mirabeau is giving an account of a long and interesting conversation which he had with a learned English Professor, Dr. Brown, on the subject of the national character of the English and the French, and the animosity between the two nations. That such anti-social opinions should exist and be fostered among the low and the vulgar, said Mirabeau, is not to me a subject of complaint; 'but when I see ministers, lords of the realm, and the heads of the clergy, manifesting and promulgating such unworthy notions,—endeavouring, with all their power, to keep up the hatred and spirit of rivalry existing between the two nations, I lose all patience.' He then cites a furious anti-Gallican philippic from a sermon preached before the House of Lords by the then bishop of St. David's (Horsley), and adds:

"I fear not to ask—I appeal to every honest man in England—a country in which every thing that is good is excellent, whether the principles which dictated the fragment I have just quoted, do not deserve the contempt of all nations, and excite the horror of all wise men?"

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\* See Ecl. Rev. Vol. XXIII. p. 527.

' Let the English compare this incendiary declaration of the Bishop of St. David's with the address of the Archbishop of Paris, which was published at the same time. This minister of the Gospel, after congratulating his countrymen on the peace which had been proclaimed, continues :—

' " And now, my brethren, and fellow labourers, dismiss from your minds all feeling of animosity to those who have become your friends ; let the two most enlightened nations on the globe set an example to the universe—let us shew, that, henceforth, no other rivalship shall exist between us, save in effecting the greatest good, and thus rendering mankind happy by civilization." ' Vol. I. pp. 127, 8.

His worthy friend, the Professor, listened with perfect good humour to these observations, and at the close replied : ' Years may pass away before the two nations will perfectly understand each other ; but *the day must come, when, in spite of their rulers, France and England shall command all nations to remain at peace, and the nations shall obey.*'

A portrait of Mirabeau is prefixed to these volumes, which will not be thought, however, a sufficient apology for their most exorbitant and unwarrantable price. The whole might have been comprised in a handsome volume for about one half the charge. If there exist any reasons that may explain this imposition upon the purchaser, they ought to have been stated.

Count Pecchio is known to the English public as the author of some letters on the Spanish Revolution, published in 1823, and of a Narrative of a Tour in Greece, published, together with the Narratives of Messrs. Emerson and Humphreys, under the title of " A Picture of Greece in 1825." He is a native of the North of Italy, from which he was compelled to flee, in consequence of the share he took in the unsuccessful Piedmontese revolution. He subsequently resided in Spain, his expulsion from which country, he terms a second exile. Greece then had for some time the honour of his residence ; and now, revolutions being out of fashion, England affords him a chosen home and secure asylum. The Count has seen much of the world, and is therefore well qualified to form a comparative estimate of the general aspect of society. He has made a few mistakes, which may be pardoned to a foreigner. Besides, remarks his Editor, ' his slips, though they may throw no light on English character, very often give us an insight, the more valuable from being unconscious, into the Italian.' It is not a little curious, to find the Count referring his readers, for the best account of English politics, statistics, jurisprudence, and manners, to the works of foreigners. ' My book ', he modestly says, ' cannot enter into

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\* See Ecl. Rev. Vol. XXV. p. 193.



'competition with any other: it is but a miscellany, like the *olla podrida* of the Spaniards, that favourite dish of my favourite Sancho Panza.

'Let him who wishes to become acquainted with English politics, read M. de Pradt; him who wishes to know the statistics of England, refer to the work of Baron Dupin. Let him who desires to understand the machinery of the admirable administration of justice in England, consult the work of M. Cottu. Let him who wishes to become familiar with English manners, read the elegant descriptions of the American, Washington Irving, in his "Sketch Book." \* But let him who does not love science and information well enough to read these; who admires profiles rather than full-lengths; who reads for reading sake, and in the way the journals of the fashions and the opera books are read, skipping, singing, and yawning,—let him, I say, read the following observations.'

After this candid invitation, it will be the reader's own fault if he is disappointed in the contents of these 'semi-serious observations,' which are abundantly amusing, and by no means uninteresting.

The first thing which would strike an Italian on setting his foot in England in the month of October, would naturally be, 'the scarcity of sun;' to which, in common with all foreign travellers, our Author ascribes all sorts of physical and moral effects.

'In spite of Helvetius and Filangieri, who oppose Montesquieu's theory of the influence of climate, I could almost venture to believe, that, if the English are active in business, profound thinkers, and good fathers of families, it is owing to their having so little sun. True, that with the false light by which they are almost surrounded, the English have not been able to become celebrated painters; that they are not, and perhaps never will be so. But, in recompense for this, they can work at the spinning-wheel and the loom many more hours than the countrymen of Murillo or Raphael. An English workman, some years ago (before Parliament restricted the hours of labour to twelve), used to work about sixteen hours a day. Ortes, the Italian political economist, calculates the medium labour of an Italian at not more than eight hours a day. The difference is great, but I do not on that account believe the statement erroneous; the extremes of summer and winter (in some parts of Italy); very sensitive and irritable nerves; the beautiful serene sky that is ever tempting to an out-door walk; all these do not allow the Italian to give a long and steady application to labour. There is nothing of this kind to tempt the English weaver

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\* Rapin and Delolme might have been added to the list of the foreign writers who have employed their labours in illustrating the history and constitution of England; but the former is too bulky for modern readers, and Delolme is gone by.

to abandon his loom. He is like one of those blind horses which are continually turning round and round in a mill, without any thing being able to divert them from their unvarying occupation.

'Necessity is the goad of idleness, and the constant patron of industry; the Spaniard (and so with all the sons of the sun), who has no need of stockings, of a neckerchief, nor a coat; who is content with his cigar and his gaspacho; who sleeps on the bare ground, and who feels no curiosity, because he believes himself the favourite child of God, placed in a terrestrial paradise (*Quien dice Espana, dice todo*), laughs at fashion, at books, at voyages and travels, at luxury, at elegance: he is a Diogenes in his tub, who wants nothing but the sun. The indolence, the natural laziness, of the southern nations (which was once conquered, and may be conquered once again, by education and political institutions), is not a defect for which they ought to be blamed, any more than their sobriety is a virtue for which they ought to be praised: the blame or the merit is all the sun's. The Englishman, on the contrary, receives from his climate a multitude of necessities, all so many spurs to industry and exertion. He has need of more substantial food, of constant firing, of cravats, double cravats, coats, great-coats; tea, brandy, spirits; a larger wardrobe, on account of the increased consumption caused by the smoke and the wet, &c. &c. &c. *Comfort* is in the mouth of every Englishman at every moment; it is the half of his life. My own countrymen make every effort, and with reason, to obtain the pleasures of the life to come: the English, with no less reason, to procure the pleasures of the present. The word "comfort" is the source of the riches and the power of England.

'That frequent absence of the sun \* which makes the artisan more laborious, renders man also a more thinking animal. Who would not become a philosopher, if he were shut up in a house for so many hours by the inclemencies of the weather, with a cheerful fire, quiet and obedient servants, a good-humoured wife, and silence within doors and without? The profundity of the English writers is a product of the climate, as much as the iron, the tin, and the coal of the island. The sun disperses families, and scatters them abroad; a good fire blazing up the chimney attracts and draws them together again. "The family," in cold countries, is an equivalent for our "society" and our theatres. It is one of the wants of the heart and the intellect. A national song, which is heard every where, from the splendid stage of Covent-garden to the humblest hovel in Scotland, is called "Home, sweet Home," (*Oh casa! oh dolce casa!*) and home is truly sweet in England. In the southern countries everything gives way to public places and public amusements. The houses, which, for the most part,

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\* The Writer subsequently declares, with frank sincerity, that, 'when the sun in England shines with all his lustre, and with sufficient power to light up all the objects around' (which, however, he says, rarely happens,) 'England is not only the most beautiful country in the world, but a day of really fine weather in England, together with its liberty, is worth ten years of life spent under the azure skies of enslaved and enervated countries.'



are only used for sleeping in, are often in bad repair, and oftener very poorly furnished. Where, on the contrary, domestic life is all in all, it is natural to think of rendering it pleasant; hence the reciprocal respect, the docility, the agreement of the members of a family, the punctuality of service, the universal neatness, and the excellence of the furniture,—convenient, self-moving, and obedient, almost as though it were endowed with life, like the ancient manufactures of Vulcan.' pp. 13—21.

'But the most beautiful sun of England,' exclaims the exiled Count, 'is Liberty: this is its cornucopia!'—Next to the scarcity of sun in England, he was struck, on his entry into London, with the extreme contrast which the British metropolis presents to that of Naples, for instance, in another respect; the comparative *silence* which reigns among its dense population.

'Some people are quite thunderstruck at the silence which prevails among the inhabitants of London. But how could one million four hundred thousand persons live together without silence? The torrent of men, women, and children, carts, carriages, and horses, from the Strand to the Exchange, is so strong, that it is said that in winter there are two degrees of Fahrenheit difference between the atmosphere of this long line of street, and that of the West End. I have not ascertained the truth of this; but from the many avenues there are to the Strand, it is very likely to be correct. From Charing Cross to the Royal Exchange is an encyclopædia of the world. An apparent anarchy prevails, but without confusion or disorder. The rules which the poet Gay lays down for walking with safety along this tract of about three miles, appear to me unnecessary. The habit of traversing this whirlpool renders the passage easy to every one, without disputes, without accidents, without punctilio, as if there were no obstacle whatever. I suppose it is the same thing at Pekin. The silence then of the passengers is the consequence of the multiplicity of business. I do not say it by way of epigram, but, if Naples should ever have a population of a million and a half, it would be necessary for even Neapolitan windpipes to put themselves under some restraint! It is only in Spain that silence is the companion of idleness. This is perhaps the perfection of idleness; idleness at its *ne plus ultra*.

'In London I have often risen early, in order to be present at the spectacle of the resurrection of a million and a half of people. This great monster of a capital, like an immense giant awaking, shows the first signs of life in the extremities. Motion begins at the circumference, and, by little and little, goes on getting strength, and pushing towards the centre, till at ten o'clock commences the full hubbub, which goes on continually increasing till four o'clock, the 'Change hour. It seems as if the population followed the laws of the tide until this hour; it now continues flowing from the circumference to the Exchange: at half-past four, when the Exchange is shut, the ebb begins; and currents of people, coaches, and horses, rush from the Exchange to the circumference.

'Among an industrious nation, incessantly occupied, panting for



riches, man, or physical force, is a valuable commodity. Man is dear, and it is therefore expedient to be very economical of him. It is not as in the countries of indolence, where the man and the earth alike have little or no value. A Turkish Effendi, or gentleman, always walks about with a train of useless servants at his heels. In the same manner a Polish nobleman, or a grandee of Spain, consumes a great quantity of men, who are otherwise unproductive. I was told, that the Duke of Medina Celi has in his pay four hundred servants, and that he goes to the Prado in a carriage worse than a Parisian *patache*. It was the same in England when there was no foreign commerce, and no home manufactures. Not knowing in what way to consume their surplus revenues, the old English landowner used to maintain a hundred, and, in some cases, even a thousand followers. At the present day, the greatest houses have not more than ten or twelve servants; and, setting aside the wealthy, who are always an exception in every nation, and taking the greatest number, it cannot be denied that in England, and especially in London, there is a very great saving, both of time and of servants. But how can this be reconciled with the loudly-vaunted comfort of the English? Thus: the milk, the bread, the butter, the beer, the fish, the meat, the newspaper, the letters,—all are brought to the house every day, at the same hour, without fail, by the shopkeepers and the postmen. It is well known that all the street-doors are kept shut, as is the custom in Florence and the other cities of Tuscany. In order that the neighbourhood should not be disturbed, it has become an understood thing for these messengers to give a single rap on the knocker, or a single pull at the bell, which communicates with the underground kitchen, where the servants are. There is another conventual sign for visits, which consists in a rapid succession of knocks, the more loud and noisy according to the real or assumed consequence or fashion of the visiter. On this system, Parini makes his hero talk in public in a high and discordant voice, that every one may hear him, and pay the same respect to his accents as to those of “the great Thunderer”. Even in London, the magnanimous heroes of fashion announce themselves to the obtuse senses of the vulgar with “echoing blows”, like those of the hammer of Bronte.

‘This custom requires punctuality in servants, and an unfailing attendance at their posts. The price of every thing is fixed, so that there is no room for haggling, dispute, or gossip. All this going and coming of buyers and sellers is noiseless. Many bakers ride about London in vehicles so rapid, elastic, and elegant, that an Italian dandy would not disdain to appear in one of them at the Corso. The butchers may be frequently met with, conveying the meat to their distant customers, mounted on fiery steeds, and dashing along at full gallop. A system like this requires inviolable order, and a scrupulous division of time. For this reason there are clocks and watches everywhere,—on every steeple, and sometimes on all the four sides of a steeple; in the pocket of every one; in the kitchen of the lowest journeyman. This is a nation working to the stroke of the clock, like an orchestra playing to the “time” of the leader, or a regiment marching to the sound of the drum.’ pp. 35—41.

‘One shopman, therefore, in London, supplies the place of forty or fifty servants. . . . By this system, the servants remain at home with nothing to divert them from their occupations. . . It follows, also, that an English family has no need of keeping any great store of provisions in the house: there is, in consequence, less occupation of room, and less occasion for capital, less cure, less waste, less smell, and less wear and tear.’

Our Count finds the English Sunday, of course, ‘supremely ‘dull and wearisome’; and in Scotland, ‘where the religion of ‘the ferocious Calvin prevails’, the Sunday, he was told, ‘is still ‘more silent and gloomy.’ Gloomy to an Italian, because silent; and to a Roman Catholic, because unenlivened by spectacle or opera. Yet, had Count Pecchio met with Grahame’s “Sabbath”, or with Struthers’s “Poor Man’s Sabbath”, his good sense would have led him to infer, that, although a holiday is lost upon the idle, to the industrious, repose is enjoyment; and that Sunday, the dull Protestant Sunday, ranks in England among ‘the wants of ‘the heart and the intellect’, or rather, ministers to those wants. Would to God that the first sentence in the ensuing extract were quite true!

‘Sunday is, if possible, observed by the English, wherever they may be. On that day, the silence even board ship is still more gloomy than ever; every one is shaved, every one puts on a clean shirt, every one endeavours to display more neatness than usual in his dress. Some read a few pages in the Bible; religion is a comfort to their minds, rather than a terror. The Englishman has no other intercessor with the Supreme Being than his own prayers. He hopes for no other miracles than those which spring from his own courage, and the discharge of his duty. In a storm, the Spaniard, and even the Greek, although a good sailor, throw themselves on their knees before some image, to which a light is continually burning, and in the meantime the sails and the vessel are under the control of the winds and waves; the sighs and signs of contrition of the devotees only serving to increase the confusion and dismay. The Englishman, on the other hand, fulfils his duty, displays all his firmness of mind and strength of body, struggles with death even to the last moment, and only when he has exhausted in vain all the resources of his skill, and all the energies of his frame, gives himself up to his fate, raises his eyes to heaven, and bows to the will of Providence. They are not indeed so thoroughly devoid of prejudice as a philosopher of the eighteenth century; some believe in ghosts, in hobgoblins, and prophetic voices which rise from the hollow of the deep,—but in the hour of danger they no longer recollect these illusions, and see nothing but the reality before them, and see it without affright.” pp. 110—112.

‘We reproach the English’, remarks this intelligent Observer, ‘with being downcast and melancholy; but we ought to add, that ‘they are not querulous. They labour indefatigably to better ‘their condition, without whining and whimpering, and at the

'same time draw from their present condition, all the profits and pleasures it can afford.' A few pages further, we meet with some discriminating strictures on the two sides of the picture of society given by Cowper and Crabbe. 'Both', he remarks, 'are exaggerators; but poetry is not history.' The value set upon time in England, is another circumstance that forcibly strikes a foreigner; and more especially one that has resided in Spain. The contrast between the two countries in this respect, is forcibly described.

'Idleness is the luxury of the Spaniards, and a great luxury it is, for it is all waste. It is a universal luxury, which is enjoyed by all, from the highest grandee to the most miserable water-carrier. The luxury, however, consists in the spending of an article of little or no value in Spain. The Castilian, who keeps so religiously to his word when his honour is in question, is never punctual to an appointment; because an hour more or less, in the life of a Spaniard, is only an hour less or more in eternity. If you propose to a Spaniard to set his hand to a thing at once, he answers you, however he may be interested in it, "To-morrow." Fatal *to-morrow*, which is repeated so often from day to day, till your patience is worn out! Fatal *to-morrow*, that has reduced the kingdom, once seated on a throne of gold, and crowned with precious stones, to rags and a dunghill! The very mantle in which the Spaniards wrap themselves up, and which impedes every motion but that of sleeping, displays their indolence, and the little value they set on time, as the laziness of the Turks is shown by their wide trowsers and loose slippers. When the Spaniards are better taught, more industrious, and less prejudiced, they will wear the mantle no longer. Superstition is usually the companion of sloth. An active people cannot afford to pray away whole days at church, or throw them away on processions and pilgrimages. An industrious people prefer growing their "daily bread" with their own hands, to asking it thirty or forty times a day as alms from Heaven. When I was first in Spain I was surprised to see, that none of the lower classes, and but few of the more respectable, had watches: yet it is natural that it should be so. What has he who has no occasion for the division of time, to do with the measure of it?' pp. 209-12.

'On the contrary, in England, Time is a revenue, a treasure, an estimable commodity. The Englishman is not covetous of money, but he is supremely covetous of time. It is wonderful how exactly the English keep to their appointments. They take out their watch, regulate it by that of their friend, and are punctual at the place and hour. English pronunciation itself seems invented to save time: they eat the letters, and whistle the words. Thus Voltaire had some reason to say, "The English gain two hours a day more than we do, by eating their syllables." The English use few compliments, because they are a loss of time, their salute is a nod, or at the most a corrosion of the four monosyllables "How d'ye do?" The ends of their letters always show more simplicity than ceremony: they have not "the honour to repeat the protestations of their distinguished regard and profound consideration" to his "most illustrious lordship," whose



most humble, most devoted, and most obsequious servants" they "have the honour to be." Their very language seems to be in a hurry; since it is in a great part composed of monosyllables, and two of them, again, are often run into one: the great quantity of monosyllables looks like an abridged way of writing, a kind of short-hand. The English talk little, I suppose, that they may not lose time: it is natural, therefore, that a nation which sets the highest value upon time, should make the best chronometers, and that all, even among the poorer classes, should be provided with watches. The mail-coach guards have chronometers worth eighty pounds sterling, because they must take care never to arrive five minutes past the hour appointed. At the place of their destination, relations, friends, and servants, are already collected to receive passengers and parcels. When a machine is so complicated as England is, it is essential for everything to be exact, or the confusion would be ruinous.' pp. 213-16.

'Double an Englishman's time, and you double his riches.' 'How fine a compliment to the national industry.' These specimens will shew that Count Pecchio has studied the English character with no unfavourable result. Some of his observations bespeak even a strong partiality as well as no ordinary penetration. Our fair countrywomen have pleased him so well, that he has married an English lady. He praises highly the English system of education, that which prevails among the better classes; objecting only, against the excess of reading which leaves the mind no time to digest its food, and—the use of *stays*! 'The young women of England', remarks the Count, 'under a stormy and inconstant sky, have hearts and minds peaceful and serene, always equable and always docile: *My* amiable countrywomen, under a heaven perpetually smiling, have minds and hearts always in a temper.' He speaks from the opportunities he has had, of judging of the manners of 'that class of society which in England is the best informed, the most hospitable, the most beneficent, and the most virtuous of all; and which, being there immeasurably more numerous than in any other country, forms, so to speak, the heart of the nation'. As to the higher classes, he adds, 'they almost every where have a strong resemblance to each other and model themselves on the same code of caprice, etiquette, prejudice, and nothingness.' Their manners may be learned from Parini, "Don Juan", or "Almack's". May the pestilence of foreign manners never descend lower!

The Author's observations on the Opposition in the House of Commons, do credit to his discernment. At first, he was led, he says, to regard the exertions of the opposition members as 'the mere professorship of eloquence'. But a person 'who studies the national organization of England', soon changes his opinion.

'In the first place, he perceives that if the opposition does not conquer, it at least hinders the enemy (whoever he may be, liberal or not)

from abusing his victory, or consummating an unjust conquest. It is like the dike of a river, which cannot assist its current, but keeps it in, and compels it to follow its course. The advantage of the opposition does not consist so much in the good that it effects, as in the evil that it prevents. It keeps awake the attention, the patriotism, the distrust of the people; it propagates *in general* the right opinions, it is the born protector of the injured and the oppressed, the harbinger of all improvements, of all liberal institutions. Suppose that, by accident, the opposition is composed of persons in favour of absolute power: to procure adherents, they will be obliged to mask their sentiments, to hold the language of justice and freedom,—like those proud and tyrannic Roman patricians, such as the Appii and Opimii, who, to gain their suffrages for the consular dignity, descended to mix among and to flatter the common people; or, like Dionysius, who, when on the throne, crushed out the very blood of the people, and, when he was hurled from it, played the buffoon to the populace, and got drunk in the public taverns. But the action of the minority is not immediate. An opinion cannot be formed and propagated and popularized in a few months, nor sometimes in a few years. The abolition of the slave-trade cost Wilberforce twenty years of persevering application. Every year repulsed, every year he returned to the assault, printing pamphlets, convening public meetings of philanthropists, collecting notices and documents on the barbarous cruelties practised on board of the vessels engaged in the horrible traffic, and thus exciting the imaginations and melting the hearts of his fellow citizens, he broke at length with the multitude into the temple of justice and triumph.

‘The resistance of the opposition is not useful to the nation alone, but to the government itself. Without it, every administration would soon corrupt, and degenerate into infamy, and its existence would be threatened, either with a slow-consuming or a rapid and violent destruction. Napoleon, at the time that every will bent before his, was compelled, in order to get at the truth, to take sometimes the advice of the opposition in his council of State, rather than that of his own ministers, as will appear upon consulting the sittings of 1809 respecting the liberty of the press. In December 1825, when Mr. Brougham informed the Ministry, that he intended to propose a revision of the law of Libel, a newspaper attached to the government, which was then opposed to him, expressed much pleasure at the circumstance, observing, that between the two contrary opinions of two first-rate statesmen, such as Brougham and the Secretary Peel, there would be found a third, which would reconcile the interests of the liberty of the Press, with the claims of justice for the repression of its licentiousness. While the nation continues to prosper under the principles of the Ministry, the opposition does nothing but prevent its wandering too far from the path; but when it feels itself in a state of suffering and decline, under the existing management of affairs, the nation finds other principles at hand, other men and another party already matured, and prepared to guide the vessel of the state in a different direction. All republics, both ancient and modern, have been perpetually agitated by the two contrary winds of the aristocratic and democratic factions, and although the former at every step passed from the hands of one of these

parties into those of the other, they went on prospering for several centuries, in the midst of the oscillation, produced by these changes. In a free government, the shock of two parties, and the apparent discord, are in reality only a contest which shall render the country happy. Filangieri says that this emulation is at bottom nothing better than the love of power, but as this power can never be attained nor preserved except by promoting the general good, it can be no very great concession to call it Patriotism. The two opposite forces, which oblige free governments to run along a middle line, are like those which regulate the motions of the celestial bodies: opposition produces the same good effects in the moral world. All governments deteriorate into tyranny without it: in the absence of criticism, which is *their* opposition,—what would literature, and the arts become? We should still be under the yoke of the commentators on Aristotle; we should still have the atoms of Epicurus in physics, and the crystal heavens of Ptolemy in astronomy. If the Winklemanns, the Mengses, and the Milizias, had not kept bad taste within its bounds, painting would have become a caricature, and architecture a heap of crudities. Except for criticism, the Gongoras would still hold the foremost rank in Spain, the Mariveaus in France, the Marinis in Italy: without Baretti's "literary scourge," the Arcadia of Rome would probably be still in higher esteem than the French Academy, and the Italians would have become so many Arcadian shepherds, with their pipes hung round their necks. Without the struggle between duty and sacrifice, would there be any virtue or heroism in the world? What is England itself with regard to the rest of Europe, but "the Opposition," which always throws its weight into the scale on the side of the weak and oppressed, in order to preserve the equilibrium?" pp. 141—45.

'England the refuge of the oppressed', is the title of a very interesting chapter, containing biographical notices of some illustrious foreign exiles in England. 'Justice is not always done, nor can it always be done, in the English Parliament; but in justice is at least published to all the world by the sound of the trumpet.' This is nobly said, and may teach Englishmen to value more those glorious institutions which enable our Senators to make their voice heard to the recesses of the council-chambers and courts of despots, and not wholly without effect.

We have not room to notice the Author's observations on our religious sects—Unitarians, Methodists, Baptists, Quakers. Of the Unitarians, he gives as favourable an account as would have been supplied by one of themselves. His information with regard to the rest of 'the forty-seven sects', seems chiefly taken from that most imbecile and pernicious production, Evans's "Sketch of all Denominations." But the Author discovers so much candour and liberality of feeling, that we cannot quarrel with him for blunders for which he is hardly responsible. Unfeignedly we wish, that, on the subject of religion, he would take the only fair or satisfactory means of informing himself, by consulting the word of God. His "Observations" are, altogether, the most in-



telligent, discriminating, and instructive that we have ever seen from the pen of a foreigner; very superior, in every respect, to the superficial remarks of Mirabeau, or even the vivid, but flippant delineations of the 'German Prince.'

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Art. VI. *Heath's Book of Beauty*. M.D.CCC.XXXIII. With Nineteen beautifully finished Engravings, from Drawings by the First Artists. By L. E. L. 8vo. Price in Morocco, 1*l.* 1*s.* London. 1832.

**B**EAUTIFUL in many respects we must admit this splendid volume to be. The engravings are beautiful specimens of the art, and the tales are really beautiful compositions. It is a book of beauty, but not of beauties. We do not know what has of late happened to our Artists, but, whether it be owing to favouritism, to caprice, or to the adoption of some new standard of beauty, or whether beauty itself is going out of fashion, or whatever explanation may be given, this volume presents by no means the first instance in which we have been puzzled to account for the lavishing of the powers of the pencil and the burin upon subjects so unattractive, or at least so little conformable to our ideas of loveliness and grace. In the present volume, out of the nineteen female beauties, Gulnare is a fright; Grace St. Aubyn might be lovely with a nose half the length of that which, not Nature, but the artist has given her; Laura is decidedly unpleasing; Lucy Ashton has little pretensions to beauty; Lolah is in the sulks, and her mouth is the very type of ill-temper; Meditation might be styled Affectation; and Geraldine has more character than beauty. The others, we admit, are happier specimens of varied beauty. Leonora is a lovely blonde, with the genuine mild, serene beauty of the English lady. Rebecca is romantically beautiful, a creature of poetry, looking like a fragile charm that a rude breath might dissolve. The Enchantress has an oriental cast of feature as well as of costume, which comports with her look of witchery. Medora is a Grecian beauty. Belinda looks as if descended from a picture gallery of the age of Sir Charles Grandison. The Mask is a portrait of a dazzling creature with that witching expression which no Englishman wishes to see in the woman he esteems. Donna Julia, The Bride, and Madeline are also, each in a different style, beautiful. But too much praise can hardly be given to the Artists. As a series of plates, they are of the highest merit.

To these plates, originally designed as illustrations of Lord Byron's Poems, and Scott's Novels, Miss Landon has been employed to accommodate a series of tales, in which she has exhibited a power of imagination and a skill in composition far exceeding any thing that we could have anticipated from her former

productions. She must pardon us for saying that we much prefer her prose to her verse. At the same time the powers of mind displayed in her present production shew, that she might have written far better poetry had she not been misled by the applause lavished on her first clever, but immature uncultivated efforts. Encouragement is sunshine to genius: Flattery is the forcing glass. But of late L. E. L. has seemed to be pruning her talents, and has appeared as a writer in a new character. These tales are framed for the amusement of the polite and gay. The volume is for the drawing-room or the boudoir. Of the general tendency of such works of imagination, we have often had occasion to express our opinion. But it is due to the present Writer to bear our testimony to the feminine propriety and chastity of sentiment as well as of style, which characterize these tales. Of the elegance of the composition, our readers will judge from the subjoined specimens.

‘Water—the mighty, the pure, the beautiful, the unfathomable—where is thy element so glorious as it is in thine own domain, the deep seas? What an infinity of power is in the far Atlantic, the boundary of two separate worlds, apart like those of memory and of hope! Or in the bright Pacific, whose tides are turned to gold by a southern sun, and in whose bosom sleep a thousand isles, each covered with the verdure, the flowers, and the fruit of Eden! But amid all thine hereditary kingdoms, to which hast thou given beauty as a birthright, lavishly as thou hast to thy favourite Mediterranean? The silence of a summer night is now sleeping on its bosom, where the bright stars are mirrored, as if in its depths they had another home and another heaven. A spirit, cleaving air midway between the two, might have paused to ask which was sea, and which was sky. The shadows of earth and earthly things, resting omen-like upon the waters, alone shewed which was the home and which the mirror of the celestial host.

‘But the distant planets were not the only lights reflected from the sea; an illuminated villa upon the extreme point of a small rising on the coast, flung down the radiance from a thousand lamps. From the terrace came the breath of the orange-plants, whose white flowers were turned to silver in the light which fell on them from the windows. Within the halls were assembled the fairest and noblest of Sicily.

\* \* \* \* \* ‘A king, or more, the Athenian Pericles, might have welcomed his most favoured guests in such a chamber. The walls were painted in fresco, as artists paint whose present is a dream of beauty, and whose future is an immortality. Each fresco was a scene in Arcadia: and the nymphs who were there gathering their harvest of roses, were only less lovely than the Sicilian maidens that flitted past.’ pp. 1, 2.

‘Somerset House conveys the idea of a Venetian palace; its Corinthian pillars, its walls rising from the waters, its deep arches, fitting harbour for the dark gondola, the lion sculptured in the carved arms—all realises the picture which the mind has of those marble homes

where the Foscari and the Donati dwelt, in those days when Venice was at her height of mystery and magnificence. The other side is, on the contrary, just the image of a Dutch town; the masses of floating planks, the low tile-covered buildings, the crowded warehouses—mean, dingy, but full of wealth and industry—are the exact semblance of the towns which like those of the haughty bride of the Adriatic, rose from the very bosom of the deep—Amsterdam and Venice. The history of the Italians is picturesque and chivalric, but that of the Dutch has always seemed to me the *beau-idéal* of honourable industry, rational exertion, generally enjoyed liberty, and all strong in more than one brave defence. He does not deserve to read history, who does not enjoy the gallant manner in which they beat back Louis XIV.

“The two banks of the river embody the English nation,” thought Charles; “there is its magnificence and its poetry, its terraces, its pillars, and its carved emblazonings; and on the other is its trade, its industry, its warehouses, and their many signs of skill and toil. Ah! the sun is rising over them, as if in encouragement. I here take the last lesson of my destiny. I have chosen the wrong side of the river—forced upon exertion, what had I to do with the poetry of life?”

‘The river became at every instant more beautiful; long lines of crimson light trembled in the stream; fifty painted spires glittered in the bright air, each marking one of those sacred fanes where the dead find a hallowed rest, and the living a hallowed hope. In the midst arose the giant dome of St. Paul’s—a mighty shrine, fit for the thanksgiving of a mighty people. As yet, the many houses around lay in unbroken repose; the gardens of the Temple looked green and quiet as if far away in some lonely valley; and the few solitary trees scattered among the houses seemed to drink the fresh morning air, and rejoice.

“How strong is the love of the country in all indwellers of towns!” exclaimed Charles. “How many creepers, shutting out the dark wall, can I see from this spot! how many pots of bright-coloured and sweet-scented plants are carefully nursed in windows, which, but for them, would be dreary indeed! And yet, even here, is that wretched inequality in which fate delights alike in the animate and inanimate world. What have those miserable trees and shrubs done, that they should thus be surrounded by an unnatural world of brick,—the air, which is their life, close and poisoned, and the very rain, which should refresh them, but washing down the soot and dust from the roofs above; and all this, when so many of their race flourish in the glad and open fields, their free branches spreading to the morning dews and the summer showers, while the earliest growth of violets springs beneath their shade.’”

‘He turned discontentedly to the other side of the bridge.

“Beautiful!” was his involuntary ejaculation. The waves were freighted as if with Tyrian purple, so rich was the sky which they mirrored; the graceful arches of Westminster Bridge stretched lightly across, and, shining like alabaster, rose the carved walls of the fine old Abbey, where sleep the noblest of England’s dead. Honour to the glorious past!—how it honoured us! Once we were the future, and how much was done for our sake!—The contrast between above and below the bridge is very striking. Below, all seems for use, except



Somerset House—and even that, when we think, is but a superb office—and the Temple gardens: all is crowded, dingy, and commercial. Above, wealth has arrived at luxury; and the grounds behind Whitehall, the large and ornamental houses, have all the outward signs of rank and riches.

‘Charles turned sullenly from them, and watched the boats now floating with the tide. As yet few were in motion; the huge barges rested by the banks, but two or three colliers came on with their large black sails, and darkening the glistening river as they passed. At this moment, the sweet chimes of St. Bride struck five, and the sound was immediately repeated by the many clocks on every side: for an instant, the air was filled with music.

“Curious it is,” murmured our hero, “that every hour of our day is repeated from myriad chimes, and yet how rarely do we attend to the clock striking! Alas! how emblematic is this of the way in which we neglect the many signs of time! How terrible, when we think of what Time may achieve, is the manner in which we waste it! At the end of every man’s life, at least three-quarters of the mighty element of which that life was composed, will be found void—lost—nay, utterly forgotten! And yet that time, laboured and husbanded, might have built palaces, gathered wealth, and, still greater, made an imperishable name.”

Art. VII.—1. *Fifty-one original Fables*, with *Morals and Ethical Index*, embellished with *Eighty-five original Designs*, by R. Cruickshank: engraved on Wood. Also, a *Translation of Plutarch’s Banquet of the Seven Sages*, revised for this Work. 8vo. pp. 251. Price 12s. London, 1833.

2. *Flowers of Fable*; culled from Epictetus, Croxall, Dodsley, Gay, Cowper, Pope, Moore, Merrick, Denis, and Tapner; with original *Translations from La Fontaine, Krasicki, Herder, Gellert, Lessing, Pignotti, and others*: the whole selected for the *Instruction of Youth*, and pruned of all objectionable Matter. Embellished with *One Hundred and Fifty Engravings on Wood*. 18mo. pp. 352. Price 5s. London, 1832.

3. *Moral Fables and Parables*. By Ingram Cobbin, M.A. 24mo. pp. 167. Price 2s. London, 1832.

AN original fable is a novelty; and Dean Swift, who could imitate almost any style, confesses, in a letter to Gay, that he could never succeed in a fable. Mr. Crithannah, the Author of the first of these publications, modestly states, that ‘if per-  
‘adventure five out of his fifty should prove worthy of the know-  
‘ledge of posterity, his literary ambition will be satisfied.’ Posterity, we cannot answer for; but he has taken the best possible method of gaining the favour of Posterity’s worshipful predecessor, the public, by employing Mr. R. Cruickshank to illustrate these fables by some extremely clever and humorous designs, ex-

cellently cut on wood. We should wish to pick out one of the five best, if possible, but are not sure whether the Author would fix upon the following as one.

‘ FABLE XVII.

‘ THE THISTLE AND THE WHEAT.

“ What an unarmed, pusillanimous, humble being art thou !” said a Thistle to a blade of Wheat ; “ without a weapon to repulse an enemy, and contented to keep the benefit of thy acquirements within a circumscribed space. Why dost thou not make a bustle in the world as I do, keeping every one at bay, and when I choose, disseminating my opinions East, West, North, and South ?” “ I am not”, replied the Wheat, “ aware of having any enemies ; and therefore need no weapon of defence. If I possess cultivated abilities, I am satisfied to comfort and instruct my immediate neighbourhood therewith, and my instructions are received cordially. *Thou* needest not to pride thyself on spreading afar thy opinions, since thy neighbours wish not for them ; and, for my own part, I am inclined to believe that, wherever thy wild doctrines take root, they invariably prove a curse.”

Lest we should have failed to choose aright, we will make room for another specimen.

‘ FABLE XXXIII.

‘ THE COW AND THE GOAT.

‘ A Cow was grazing in a rich meadow, when raising her head, she observed a Goat tearing some ivy from a tree that grew hard by. Interested for his welfare, “ Desist”, said she, “ from browsing on those poisonous leaves, and partake with me of this delicious herbage.” To this warning the Goat paid no attention, but continued to eat. At last, the Cow thought proper, *in kindness*, to employ her superior strength, and drove him away. “ I doubt not”, said the Goat, “ that your intentions are good, and that you consider you are doing me a personal favour ;—as such, I give you credit for your *good will* ; but permit me to tell you that your solicitude savours too much of the *powerful* to be, under any circumstances, convincing, and that in this instance, founded as it is in ignorance of what is wholesome for me and delicious to my palate, it is absurdly intrusive.”

We have not room to insert the Moral. A high tone of moral sentiment pervades the work, and the Author’s object has evidently been to promote the improvement of his readers.

The Flowers of Fable deserves high praise, as well for its excellent design as for its tasteful execution. Most of the collections of Fables which find their way into schools, and into the hands of young persons, on the strength of their supposed harmlessness and prescriptive reputation, contain many fables of very doubtful tendency, inculcating craft, selfishness, or expediency,

or marked by other glaring improprieties. In the present collection, drawn from a great variety of sources, great care has been taken, both in the selection, and in the exclusion of all objectionable expressions. The dull, lengthy 'applications' of Croxall and other prosing commentators, have been discarded, and the spirit of the fable is indicated by a brief sentence or a few lines of verse, or by the introduction of an engraved tail-piece which aims at delineating the fact, while the fable narrates the fiction. Such is the plan of the volume. In a collection of this description, little novelty is to be looked for; but the fables from the Polish of Krasicki are new to us, and we shall transcribe one as a specimen. We regret that we cannot give a specimen of the wood engravings, which add not a little to the attractiveness of this nice little book.

‘ THE BROOK AND THE FOUNTAIN.

- ‘ A Fountain varied gambols played,  
Close by an humble brook ;  
While gently murmuring through the glade,  
Its peaceful course it took.
- ‘ Perhaps it gave one envious gaze  
Upon the Fountain's height ;  
While glittering in the morning rays,  
Pre-eminently bright.
- ‘ In all the colours of the sky  
Alternately it shone :  
The Brook observed it with a sigh,  
But quietly rolled on.
- ‘ The owner of the Fountain died ;  
Neglect soon brought decay ;  
The bursting pipes were ill supplied ;  
The Fountain ceased to play.
- ‘ But still the Brook its peaceful course  
Continued to pursue ;  
Her ample, inexhausted source  
From Nature's fount she drew.
- ‘ “ Now,” said the Brook, “ I bless my fate,  
My shewy rival gone ;  
Contented in its native state,  
My little stream rolls on.
- ‘ “ And all the world has cause, indeed,  
To own with grateful heart,  
How much great Nature's works excel  
The feeble works of art.” ’



Mr. Cobbin's modest labours are designed for the benefit and amusement of 'infant minds.' Most of them are illustrative of the real habits of the birds or animals which are introduced; and they are well adapted by their simple style for the youngest readers. We must give a specimen.

' FABLE XXV.

' THE FALLING KITE.

' A Kite having risen to a very great height, moved in the air as stately as a prince, and looked down with much contempt on all below. "What a superior being I am now!" said the Kite; "who has ever ascended so high as I have? What a poor grovelling set of beings are all those beneath me! I despise them." And then he shook his head in derision; and then he wagged his tail; and again he steered along with so much state as if the air were all his own, and as if every thing must make way before him; when suddenly the string broke, and down fell the kite with greater haste than he ascended, and was greatly hurt in the fall.'

## NOTICE.

Art. VIII. *The Englishman's Almanack*; or, Daily Calendar of General Information for the United Kingdom, for the Year of Our Lord 1833. Containing, with a Complete Calendar of the Year, including the Revolutions of the Heavenly Bodies, Times of High Water, Anniversaries, and Historical Memoranda, Statistics of English Counties; Copious Tables of the Population of Different Districts in England, shewing the Proportion of Population to Acre, and of Crime to Population, &c. &c. The Jewish and Mahometan Calendars: Lists of the Peers, the Ministry, Corporation of London, Bankers, &c., the New Duties on Imported Goods, the Expenditure for 1833; the Colonies, &c. And a Statement of the Representation of Great Britain and Ireland, as Established by the Reform Act, with Valuable Particulars of that Law. 18mo. 2s. 6d. stitched.

AMONG the Annuals, those which lay claim to the most venerable antiquity,—those which interest all readers, and speak a language intelligible to all nations, the Almanacks, ought not to be overlooked. It is indeed only of late that they have assumed a literary character,—that they have fallen in with the march of intellect. Some of our Almanacks have long supported a scientific reputation. We have before us the Eighty-fourth impression of White's Ephemeris or 'Celestial Atlas', edited by Dr. Olinthus Gregory, our best astronomical Almanack. The Lady's Diary, singularly enough, not less than the Gentleman's Diary, has been distinguished by its mathematical as well as enigmatic lore. The Englishman's Almanack is a younger competitor for public favour. The quantity and value of statistical informa-

tion which it contains, chiefly in a tabular form, and drawn from parliamentary documents, would have rendered it, a few years ago, a literary curiosity. The art of compression is now carried to such perfection, that we have ceased to wonder at such displays of ingenuity; but we must fairly say, that the Proprietors of this Almanack deserve well of the public for the pains they have bestowed on its compilation. The title page exhibits a general view of its contents, which are not more multifarious than intrinsically useful.

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#### ART. IX. LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The Cabinet Annual Register, and Historical, Political, Biographical, and Miscellaneous Chronicle of 1832, is announced for publication on the 1st of February next, with additional claims to public favour and patronage.

Preparing for publication by subscription, A History of Protestant Nonconformity in the County of York. By the Rev. Thomas Scales, of Leeds, Author of "Principles of Dissent." The object of the Author is, to trace the origin, progress, and present state of all the Societies of the Three Denominations in each of the Three Ridings, with memoirs of their successive pastors. To be comprised in two large volumes, 8vo. Subscribers' names are solicited.

On the 1st of January will be published, price one penny, The Protestant Dissenter's Juvenile Magazine.

A Prospectus is issued of a splendid Periodical, under the title of Finden's Gallery of the Graces; to consist of a series of Portrait Sketches, designed to exhibit, in its various forms of female loveliness, the spirit of beauty. The whole to be engraved from original pictures, under the superintendence of W. and E. Finden, and accompanied by poetical illustrations from the pen of T. K. Hervey, Esq.

A new edition (the third thousand) of "Saturday Evening," by the Author of "the Natural History of Enthusiasm"; and a sixth edition of the Natural History of Enthusiasm, are now ready.

In the press, and shortly will be published, Memorials of the Professional Life and Times of Sir William Penn Knight, Admiral and General of the Fleet during the interregnum, Admiral and Commissioner of the Admiralty and Navy after the Restoration from 1644 to 1670. In 2 Vols. 8vo. By Granville Penn, Esq.

Also, edited by the same Author, The Character of a Trimmer;—His opinion of—1st. Laws and Government;—2d. Protestant Religion;—3d. The Papists;—4th. Foreign Affairs. By the Honourable Sir W. Coventry, Knight. First printed in 1687.

The Seasons.—Stories for very young Children. (Winter.) By the author of "Conversations on Chemistry," &c. &c.

Nearly ready for publication. In 2 vols. 8vo. *A View of the Early Parisian Greek Press; including the Lives of the Stephani or Estiennes, Notices of the other Contemporary Greek Printers of Paris, and various particulars of the Literary and Ecclesiastical History of their Times.* By the Rev. W. Parr Greswell, Author of "*Memoirs of Politian*," &c. and of "*Annals of Parisian Typography*." (Oxford: printed at the University Press, for D. A. Talboys.) The above work (in which it has been the author's object to combine literary history with bibliography) contains extensive biographies of Robert and of Henry Stephens, and a vindication of the former of those celebrated individuals from the charges alleged against him by Michaelis and Mr. Porson.

## ART. X. WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

### BIBLIOGRAPHY.

*Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica; or an Account of all the Books which have been printed in the Gaelic Language; with Bibliographical and Biographical Notices.* By John Reid. 8vo. 12s. extra cloth boards. A few copies on Imperial Writing Paper, price 5*l.* 5*s.*

### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Fifty-one Original Fables, with Morals and Ethical Index. Embellished with eighty-five Original Designs by R. Cruickshank. Engraved on Wood. Also a Translation of Plutarch's Banquet of the Seven Sages, revised for this Work.* 8vo. 12s. in cloth, or 14s. in silk.

*The Apiarian's Guide; containing practical directions for the Management of Bees, upon the Depriving System.* By J. H. Payne, Author of "*The Cottager's Guide*."

### THEOLOGY.

*The Works of Robert Hall, A.M.; with a brief Memoir of his Life.* By Dr. Gregory; and *Observations on his Character as a Preacher.* By John Foster. Published under the superintendence of Olinthus Gregory, LL.D. F.R.A.S., Professor of Mathematics in the Royal Military Academy. Vol. VI. (pp. 708, and Portrait) 16s.

*The Sacred Trust.* A Charge delivered at the ordination of the Rev. T. Atkinson, over the Church assembling at Hounslow, Middlesex. On the 2d of Oct. 1832. By Andrew Reed. 8vo. 1s.

*The Official Glory of the Son of God*

and the Universal Headship of Christ. By John Jefferson. 12mo.

*A Sermon preached on the Death of William M'Gavin, Esq.* By the Rev. Greville Ewing. 12mo. 1s. Bound in cloth, 1s. 6*d.*

*Counsels to Controversialists; or, the Temper of Mind in which Religious and Political Controversy ought to be maintained.* A Sermon preached before the Monthly Meeting of Congregational Ministers and Churches, at New Broad Street Meeting-House, on Thursday, Nov. 6th, 1831. By John Morison, D.D. 6*d.*

*A Key to the Pictorial and Geographical Chart, displaying at one View the Rise and Progress of the Evangelical or Christian Dispensation, from the Commencement of the Gospel Narrative to the Ascension of Jesus Christ.* Arranged, by Permission, according to Greswell's "*Harmonia Evangelica*." By R. Mimpriss, price 3*l.* 13s. 6*d.* on rollers.

••• Of the Chart itself, notice will be taken in our next Number.

### TRAVELS.

*Six Weeks on the Loire, with a Peep into La Vendée; a route which, in addition to the Beauties of Scenery it must always command, derives a political interest, at the present moment, from the circumstance of its including many of the scenes in which the hazardous enterprises and "hair-breadth escapes" of the Duchesse de Berri have taken place.* 8vo. Plates.